THE New Republic

What a Washington Reporter Learns from Off-the-Record Talks

PAGE 8

The Humanism of Justice Holmes

On the 20th anniversary of Holmes' death, his one-time private secretary describes this "New Englander--salty, cautious about money, not given to the new reform 'nostrums'."

by Francis Biddle

Another Partition of Israel? . . . . . *Ray Alan*

Loyalty and Security . . . . . *Will Herberg*

Tennessee Williams' New Play . . . . *Eric Bentley*

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Washington Wire .... T.R.B.

We subscribe heartily to the Papa-knows-best school. Instead of worrying about Quemoy-Matsu let's just leave everything to Eisenhower. What luck to have a man like that to make decisions for us! The *New York Herald-Tribune* was so overcome last week by the wonder of it all that it told us to sleep calmly, the President was there. He does not yet know, friends explain, whether it will be peace or war; he will make the choice himself. Maybe the great answer will come to him in the bucolic retirement of Gettysburg, maybe suddenly on the golf course. As Senator George says, outside pressure only ties Ike's hands. Let us relax then; after all, the issue is only peace or war.

Congress trusts Papa. It gave him a blank check on Formosa policy in January; the House passed the resolution, 410 to 3, the Senate, 85 to 3. The people trust Papa. The Gallup Poll shows more than 70 percent approve his leadership.

There are tiresome people who keep on worrying, however. They ignore the fact that the President at his press conference last week said there was too much speculation on the subject. They charge that Dulles has committed America's honor and prestige to holding two ferryboat islets as close to the Chinese mainland as are Staten Island and Catalina Island to America. They say our legal case is so bad even Canada won't help. They say the use of one atomic weapon would do more to lose Asia than 10 years of Communist propaganda. They charge there's a war party in Ike's very Administration, working ceaselessly behind the scenes, and that it has already persuaded Ike that there's no distinction between a "precision" atomic weapon and an ordinary bullet. Protestant church leaders have appealed, too. How shall we treat such busybodies as this? Why, with the quiet contempt they deserve! Ike is a splendid fellow who goes to church. With him to think for us we can sleep nights.

In all seriousness, we cannot really believe there will be war. The whole legend and folk myth of Ike as a President is built on peace. And again, we don't think Treasury Secretary Humphrey will let war happen because it would cost too much and keep the budget unbalanced. Let's put first things first. If this analysis is correct, Ike's chief problem is to find a face-saving device that will make a Retreat look like a Victory. Maybe international guarantee of Formosa will do it, or a decision to put some US troops there in exchange for evacuating the islands. We hope so.

One thing we like about this Administration is its generous tolerance of petty disagreements within the official family. For instance, Ike told the press he was opposed to using the Yalta papers for political purposes and preached an inspiring little sermon on the subject. Now the Senate Republican Policy Committee staff has just handed GOP Congressmen a 52-page analysis on how to use the papers to indict the previous Democratic Administrations. Inconsistent? Maybe. But this breadth of view on dissent is magnanimous and gratifying. We think it boorish of freshman Sen. Kerr Scott (D, N. C.) to paraphrase the old Army phrase "AWOL" in connection with the matter—"Administration Without Leadership."

Yaws is the tropical disease that dooms a child to hideous disfigurement, a life of torment and economic dependence. As Sen. Paul Douglas (D, Ill.) told the Senate, one shot of penicillin—a hypodermic needleful costing about 25 cents—can completely cure the child. It is one of the modern miracles of science. America's technical assistance program helps carry this miracle to have-not nations; its contribution to the UN also helps give them farm experts, industrial assistance, sanitation and greater production. Round the world the US is engaged in an intense, quiet struggle with Communists who are boasting of their own assistance; Moscow, for example, is paving the streets of Afghanistan's capital, free. What will the upcoming Bandung conference say of Capitalism vs. Communism in help to undeveloped countries? Republican Representatives voted 85 to 46 against putting up half the sum for the UN technical assistance program that Ike asked; Democrats voted 125 to 22 to restore the $4 million slashed earlier from the program and their votes saved Ike.

Only a few big newspapers hire a full-time White House correspondent, one of them being Francis Stephenson of the *New York News*. "Stevie" was omitted from the off-the-record Carney and Hagerty dinners (see pp. 8-9) that discussed Formosa, and he angrily asked Ike at his last press conference whether the point had been reached where it was necessary to invite one of the White House aides to dinner to get the news about peace or war. It was one of those brutal, gloves-off questions put every week in former times to FDR and Truman, but almost never to Ike. Ike flushed, froze and responded icily that he was not responsible for his aide's friends. Then a queer thing happened. The whole question-and-answer was censored from the White House release to radio and TV of the tape recording which is now made at every press conference. This was the first important instance of a disagreeable question being censored off the air, and the TV public missed the liveliest exchange since Ike took office. Apparently the White House staff intends to approve for rebroadcast only questions showing Ike in a favorable light. . . . Air Force General Nathan Twining quickly cancelled an off-the-record, after-dinner, press conference last week after the Admiral Carney incident.

The big Wall Street utility boys have a subsidiary called "Ebasco" that underestimated the cost of a power plant for the Atomic Energy Commission by $51 million. Now it has made an estimate for the Dixon-Yates contract. Opponents of Ebasco's new $104 million estimate have hitherto vainly warned Ike of the unreliability of Ebasco. Now Joseph Campbell, the new Controller General, solemnly and unexpectedly adds his own warning. A curiosity is that Ike just appointed Campbell.

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BEHIND THE HEADLINES

Not What You Know, But Who You Know

THERE ARE only five Atomic Energy Commissioners. That they have unusual—even solemn—duties and responsibilities seems obvious, and the importance of their being outstanding could hardly be exaggerated. Finding them shouldn't be difficult—five good men out of our millions What should be looked for? Brilliant administrative ability? Uncommon scientific achievement? Certainly one or the other. Preferably both. And coupled, in either case, with a demonstrated ability to perceive the long-range human and moral implications of seemingly abstract or immediate decisions.

President Eisenhower has just nominated Allen Whitfield to be one of the five AEC Commissioners for the next five years. Mr. Whitfield is an Iowa lawyer. He also is an active member of the Iowa Republican Central Committee. An important "behind the scenes" adviser to the last two Iowa governors, he has been mentioned as a potential contender for a seat in the US Senate. Mr. Whitfield is a graduate of Harvard Law School, and it may be assumed that at some time during his college years he was required to take a course in physics. His administrative background seems limited to directorships in local banks and insurance companies and posts in the local Chamber of Commerce.

Earlier this year, the *Des Moines Register and Tribune* reported that "Republican Party members are becoming increasingly restless over the patronage situation in Iowa . . . top echelon jobs are not coming this way." The same story reported that Mr. Whitfield was leaving for Washington, D. C., "with a list of names of Iowans who want jobs and who are faithful Republicans." Whitfield came twice to Washington, and since the entire Iowa delegation is Republican, his complaints must have found sympathetic listeners.

Mr. Whitfield replaces former Commissioner Joseph Campbell. When asked, at a recent press conference, what qualifications Mr. Whitfield had for so important a post, President Eisenhower admitted he didn't know what they were. All he had to say was (the question and answer were later deleted from the official transcript so direct quotation of the President on this point is not permitted; we quote the *New York Times* report instead) that "he thought there was no worse being said against him [Whitfield] than was being said against lots of people." He, the President, had appointed people to choose "subordinates" and he trusted "them." "They" had chosen Whitfield, who had had to "pass certain tests."

Mr. Whitfield went to college with Attorney General Herbert Brownell (Univ. of Nebraska, 1921); he was attached to Supreme Headquarters, Europe, in 1944 where he met Eisenhower; in 1952 he became an ardent "Citizens for Eisenhower" organizer, and at the Republican State Convention that year he played a leading role in swinging the Iowa delegation from Taft to Eisenhower. One of Whitfield's campaign friends, Bernard Shanley, an originator of the "Citizens," has since become President Eisenhower's personal appointment secretary at the White House. And it is Mr. Shanley who spoke the required word in the President's ear. Shanley is the "they" and these are the "tests"—tests certain to keep down the number who can qualify for the AEC.

An Island Empire

DESPITE personal protests by several Senators, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles has approved Miss Frances G. Knight to succeed Mrs. Ruth B. Shipley as director of the State Department Passport Office. Mrs. Shipley has ruled this office for 27 years now; during that time it has become all-powerful, answerable only to itself in determining which businessmen, scientists, artists and just plain citizens should be allowed to leave the country. Fittingly, Mrs. Shipley has ended her reign by at least appearing to choose her successor and making the choice stick. The appointment does not require Senate approval.

While You Weren't Looking

The heiress-designate, Frances Knight, who will take over on April 30, already has a reputation around Washington. She first was noticed in the late '30's when she worked for the WPA as deputy information director. When her boss died she took over his desk, sure that the job was hers. When someone else was named, she quit not only the job but the entire New Deal Administration and went to work for the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee. Later, she worked for Rep. John Taber (R, N.Y.), and he, in turn, recommended her to the State Department in 1949 as a radio information specialist. People who worked with her at State remember her best for the zeal with which she retrieved inter-office memoranda; these she passed on to Federal Communications Commissioner Robert E. Lee, then chief investigator for the Taber Committee of the House.

Miss Knight next turned up in the Voice of America where she tried to have the Czechoslovakian desk split, her primary interest being a Slovakian separatist movement founded by a priest who had headed Hitler's puppet Czech government. The Voice's chief Czech expert did not share her enthusiasm for this Fascist movement and when Miss Knight moved on to a more powerful position, he was forced out of the Department. That more powerful position is her present one: Assistant to State Department Security Officer Scott McLeod—a gentleman who has been quoted as saying that while Miss Knight worked for the "Voice" she passed along much information to Joe McCarthy to help him in his "expose" of that organization.

Miss Knight's present job consists of serving as "liaison" between Capitol

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Hill and McLeod's office. This, according to newspaper reports, is said to have meant that when a Congressman wanted a State Department job for a friend, Miss Knight called for the security file of whoever happened to have the desired job, and, if the file offered any excuse, the job-holder was advised to resign or face charges. If the file turned out to be innocuous, Civil Service regulations were scanned to see if the job could be abolished, then reconstituted under a different name.

As Administrator, Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs, McLeod is the policy-level chief of the Passport Office and when Mrs. Shipley announced earlier this month that her chosen successor was none other than Frances Knight, the fine hand of Scott McLeod was evident. A few Senators searched their memories, shuddered and protested privately. When it became obvious that such protests would come to nothing, a group of Senatorial assistants got together to see what else could be done. They discovered that very few Senators know anything about the functions and powers of the Passport Office, and that fewer still are inclined to interfere with it. For 27 years, Mrs. Shipley has expedited passport requests originating in the office of Congressmen, building up her relations with the "Hill" to the point where she could enjoy a completely free hand.

Now, with some prodding from their assistants, a few Senators seem inclined to look into this powerful administrative office over which they have absolutely no control. There is considerable evidence (as a future article will show) that the Bureau has abused its powers in the past. The Senators would like to review the Bureau's procedures to see if reforms are indicated, to pinpoint and define the procedural rights of a citizen applying for a passport, to examine the question whether an appeals board should be provided for those denied passports. But they do not know quite how to start. Mrs. Shipley has kept Congress out of her affairs for so long that the way back in is not clear.

Of Spots and Leopards

RESOLUTIONS disapproving the sale of government synthetic rubber plants were defeated on March 22 in the House by 283-132, and on March 23 by 56-31 in the Senate. On March 25, the keys to 24 plants constructed by the government during World War II and currently netting a profit of $60 million a year (no federal taxes) were handed over to private enterprise for $285 million, although they were worth close to half a billion.

There remains the problem of developing, under the terms of the Disposal Act, a "free, competitive" synthetic rubber industry. Fifty-eight percent of the facilities were sold to the Big Four rubber companies (Goodyear, Goodrich, US Rubber, Firestone) and three major oil companies (Standard, Shell, Phillips), each corporation having a long history of antitrust violations.

The purchasing companies got over the monopoly-charge hump by agreeing to provisions promising that a certain percentage of production will be sold to small companies. These assurances were not, however, very specific. Further, there is the special problem of butyl. Prior to the sale there were two government-owned butyl plants in this country—one run by Standard Oil and one by Humbolt, a subsidiary of Standard Oil. When these two plants were offered for sale, these were the only two companies that bid for them and they bought them. Thus, in effect, Standard Oil already has a monopoly of butyl.

Butyl is a special purpose rubber, 90 percent of which is used for innertubes. Standard Oil is trying hard to find new uses for it, and if successful Standard will have new markets tied up.

Strange as it may seem, Department of Justice prosecution of several companies which bid successfully for the synthetic facilities has gone on simultaneously with the sale.

Under the Disposal Act, Attorney-General Herbert Brownell was required to advise the Disposal Commission whether the proposed sales would "tend to create or maintain a situation inconsistent with the antitrust laws." His reply was that they did not, but on the question of violations *once the sales had been completed*, Mr. Brownell reserved judgment. Pressed by Congressional critics, Judge Stanley Barnes, head of Justice's Antitrust Division, admitted that "leopards don't change their spots," but contended that if Congress had intended sales to be made only to firms free of antitrust violations, it would have so specified.

In view of all this, opponents of the sales are determined to be vigilant. In the Senate they have requested the Attorney-General to submit in each of the next 10 years a report on the treatment given small business by the big purchasers, and on the development of a "free, competitive" synthetic-rubber industry. In the House they have requested a stiffening of the penalties for violations of antitrust laws. For the present, the big companies have won, but they will be watched.

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Asians Meet Africans

PLANES from about 30 countries in Asia and Africa are now carrying high officials to an impressive conclave in Indonesia of colored peoples. Only one nation with a white government was invited—the Central African Federation—and it declined.

Three viewpoints are amply represented. Nine of the nations invited are signers of joint defense arrangements with the United States including Japan, the Philippines, South Viet-Nam, Laos, Cambodia, Thailand, Pakistan, Turkey and Libya. There are two Communist delegations, China and North Viet-Nam. Other delegations, probably an actual majority, are unaligned in the Cold War.

Prime Minister Nehru likes to call the conference "a practical demonstration of co-existence." He recently expressed to a non-Indian visitor the following background comments on the conference: Rivalry between the great powers has reached a state of equilibrium. If equilibrium can be prolonged indefinitely, we have a limited kind of peace. Tensions should gradually relax. But tension cannot relax in Asia unless China re-establishes communication with non-Communist countries. Nehru implied that Chinese fears of the West could be allayed if the windows were thrown open and the fresh air let in. He concluded that if Asians and Africans can demonstrate over a period of time that co-existence is possible, and that tensions can be relaxed in Asia, perhaps tension can eventually be relaxed between the great powers.

A more narrow view of the conference has been expressed by the host, Prime Minister Ali of Indonesia, who sees it as a means for strengthening his regime before Indonesian elections.

The chain of events which led up to this conference began long before the formal decision last December by the five sponsoring nations—India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma and Indonesia. The story begins in March, 1947, when representatives from 25 Asian nations and territories met in Delhi to discuss their common problems. Nationalist Chinese but no Communist Chinese were present. But Communist delegates did come from Indo-China, Outer Mongolia and six Asian Soviet republics.

In 1947, delegates came to talk about what they were *against*: colonialism and racial discrimination; but ended up talking about what they are for: a rising standard of living. After a vast outpouring of words about the sins of the white man, they turned the discussion to agricultural output, industrialization and the need for outside capital on a basis of partnership. They rejected the concept of Asia for the Asiatics, and talked of co-operation with all nations. They called for additional conferences, and a permanent technical staff to work upon common development problems.

In 1947, the nations of Asia showed little interest in nations lying from Pakistan eastward, and those lying from Iran westward. Pan-Asianism was a myth, even in spirit. Also at that time, representatives from Asian republics within the Soviet Union were shepherded about by Russian interpreters and made no significant contribution to the discussions. Other Asian delegations considered their presence useless. (In 1955 they are omitted.)

Finally, in 1947, the accomplishments of the conference were not to be found in concrete actions (there were none) nor in the provocative speeches, but in the exchange of ideas between national leaders on their future economic and social progress.

If consultations this month in Bandung profit from past experience, they will concentrate on co-operative measures for improving living standards for millions of "have-not" non-whites who have decided it's time for a change.

Driving the Farmer Off the Land

"DURING the seven years immediately preceding the great crash of 1929, the lot of the American farmer steadily worsened. He sought relief, but he was ignored. The crash demonstrated that bankruptcy for one group of the people of our country necessarily involves hardship for all." These were the opening observations of the *New Republic's* January 25, 1954, issue, given over entirely to an examination of the farmer's position in our economy. Severe recession already was a reality on the farm in early 1954. And throughout that year's bitter Congressional debate, which culminated in a victory for the Administration-sponsored flexible price-support program, the *NR* insisted that the twin problems of shrinking farm income and seeming chronic over-production of basic crops were essentially international in character and could not be solved by purely a national approach.

As predicted, by late 1954 the recession on the farm had spread to all other sectors of the economy—idle men and idle capacity resulted in a total national output $30 billion below what it would have been had consumer buying-power permitted full production. The Administration's emphasis upon forcing farm production down as a means of shrinking our "surpluses" of bread grains and dairy products contributed significantly to that loss of total national production. And it did not help the farmer; on the contrary, it hurt him still more. Now the debate over what kind of price-support program the farmer must have to prosper is about to be re-opened. But now it has been demonstrated that neither a rigid nor a flexible support program will do any lasting good in itself. Neither will work unless coupled to expansion in consumption at home and development of markets abroad. In the face of an increasing national population and mounting food needs which must be met by a steadily decreasing number of farmers, a policy of restricting agricultural production and forcing small "inefficient" farmers off the land because a few crops are over-produced (in terms of *current national consumption* alone) seems the most desperate kind of foolishness. Fortunately, as the debate reopens this year, a group of Senators have taken the first step toward what may be an international—and lasting—solution to the problem.

The January 25, 1954, *New Republic* special issue was occasioned by a drop of $1 billion in farm income during the previous year. That drop continued throughout all of 1954 so that by the end of that year farm income was 25 percent below the 1951 level, 10 percent below the 1953 level. The farmer's income today is just about at the level of 1940. Continued decline is predicted for this year and for 1956. This in the midst of what is generally termed "prosperity."

Non-farm personal income for 1953 was $1,920 per person; farm, $709 per person. 1954: non-farm, $1,926; farm, $688.

"To a big operator," reads a *New*

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York Times story of March 27, 1955, "producing a crop from several thousand acres and completely mechanized, the reduction in income may not be disastrous. In many instances, it will mean little more than that he will have to pay lower taxes. His standard of living will be affected only moderately, if at all.

"With respect to the family-size farm, the situation is entirely different. When such a farmer must take 25 or 30 percent of his wheatland out of production, he may be unable to make a go of it. In many instances, he is not allowed to produce wheat on enough acreage to utilize his farm labor, let alone amortize his investment in machinery and other items."

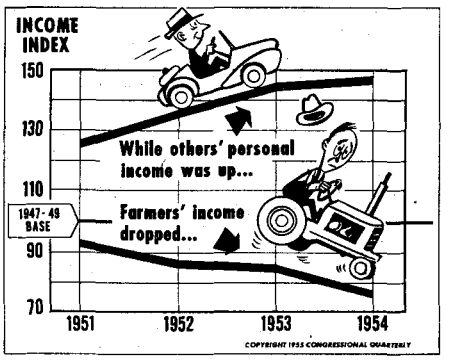
When a farmer's income drops, his reaction is to plant more of whatever he grows in order to earn more money. But the corollary of any price-support system which is not geared to a market-expansion program is acreage-limitation. The price-supported crops are those a suffering farmer will turn to first. Soon, since there is no program to increase consumption, there is a "surplus" of these crops, and as this "surplus" exceeds what is required for a healthy reserve, the government cuts down the amount of land a farmer may devote to them. The "surplus," of course, is a fiction, reflecting only a failure of distribution. Two thirds of mankind is under-nourished and ill-clothed. In the US alone, 7 million families had 1954 incomes below $1,000 a year. These families each spent an average of $280 less for food than would be required for even a minimum adequate diet. In the case of dairy products, for example, a minimum adequate diet for these 7 million families would eliminate the whole accumulated "surplus" within three years. If other families who can afford a minimum diet but not a really good one were added to these lowest-income families, and all were brought up to a good diet level, dairy production would have to expand considerably to meet demand.

In trying to control production rather than expand markets for agriculture, we achieve such results as this: in the cotton belt this year, 210,000 growers have been allotted *five acres or less* upon which to grow cotton. These were all small farmers to begin with. Now they cannot possibly produce enough cotton to make a profit—to have an income. Many won't plant any. Some already have left their farms to seek jobs in the city, where there are few jobs to be had, and others are seeking welfare relief. All represent reduced consumption of food grown and goods produced by others.

Similarly, a large group of tobacco growers on family-size farms this year have been restricted to seven-tenths of an acre. Most of these too will have to leave the land to earn a living.

Yet, as we drive our farmers off the land, force them to lose their skills and holdings, we face the requirement of a 45-percent increase, from the same amount of land, in agricultural production by 1975 if we are to feed our ever-growing population. And beyond our borders live vast numbers of people who not only need food today, but are reproducing far faster than we are.

A measure of the attention we have given foreign markets as an answer to



our "surpluses" is the fact that US agricultural exports fell by 30 percent in 1953, and that at the end of 1954 they were still 25 percent below the 1951 level. This year the government plans to dispose of an additional $1 billion or so of produce under the Agricultural Trade Development Act of 1954, by means of sales for foreign currency, gifts, barter and assistance programs. But this is a temporary program and offers no lasting foundation for domestic production.

The US is the world's largest exporter of farm products. Increase rather than shrinkage in that trade is to our distinct advantage. We have the productive capacity; we need the markets. Given a hungry world, obviously we could not be struggling with "surpluses" here at home if distribution of produce in the world market did not present formidable problems in the form of currency exchange, foreign ability to pay as compared to domestic high-cost of production and tariff-walls.

But fortunately, while the Administration concentrates on eliminating "inefficient" farmers (no family-size farm can be as "efficient" as a factory or a factory-farm), a group of 22 Senators led by James E. Murray (D, Mont.) have introduced a resolution directing the Administration to negotiate with other free nations for the creation of an International Food and Raw Materials Reserve which would:

1. provide for the acquisition and storage, in the US and elsewhere, of raw and processed agricultural products and other raw materials;

2. buy and sell commodities in a manner which would help prevent extreme price fluctuations in international markets and keep production expanding in order to prevent famine and to raise living standards;

3. absorb temporary market surpluses;

4. arrange that national currencies paid to the International Reserve by underdeveloped nations for commodities could be used for the purchase of other materials in those countries, or loaned back to them for needed economic and social development programs.

This, of course, is all very general; the specific plan under which such a reserve would operate will have to be the product of negotiation, and be in turn formally approved by the Senate. It will be singularly difficult to evolve a workable way of distributing food, fiber and other raw materials on a world-wide scale according to need. But the alternative is the continuation of a world-wide absurdity within which some peoples starve and others rage at the burden of "surpluses."

A similar resolution was introduced last year and allowed to die in committee. The fate of the current one will depend largely upon whether its sponsors are merely trying to get on record as "friends of the farmer" or will insist that the busy Senate Foreign Relations Committee schedule hearings before adjournment. There is no doubt that the resolution raises many more questions than it answers. But questions must come first, and these at least place the problem of how to cope with our domestic agricultural ills within the proper context: an international solution to an international problem.

TOM FITZSIMMONS

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Who Should Decide Formosa's Future?

IT IS HARD to understand why so far we have not acted with any respect for the juridical situation about Formosa and the Pescadores, except perhaps that if we had acted multilaterally under the terms of the United Nations Charter and the Treaties we have signed dealing with Formosa we would have had to consult our Allies about our policies; and that our Allies would have been reluctant to adopt the super-tough line which seems to be endemic to US policy dealing with Formosa.

The first of the controlling documents governing the status of Formosa and the Pescadores is President Truman's statement of June 27, 1950, at the outbreak of the Korean War, in which he announced that (1) he had ordered the US Seventh Fleet to prevent any attack on Formosa and to see to it that the Chinese Nationalists ceased all air and sea operations against the mainland, and (2) that "the determination of the future status of Formosa must await the restoration of security in the Pacific, a peace settlement with Japan, or consideration by the UN."

The second document is the note which in November, 1950, the US Government sent to the Russian Government outlining the provisions of a proposed Japanese Peace Treaty. This note, following the policy established by President Truman, in the June 27, 1950, statement I have just quoted, contained a proposed Article for the Peace Treaty by which Japan would accept the decision of the United Kingdom, the USSR, China and the United States with reference to the status of Formosa and the Pescadores, and that if there were no decision by these Four Powers within a year after the Treaty came into effect, the United Nations General Assembly (in which be it noted there is no veto) would make the decision.

The Russians, as we know, then refused to sign any Treaty with Japan, and on April 28, 1952, the Peace Treaty between Japan and 48 other countries came into effect. In this Treaty are two provisions about the former Japanese Islands. One establishes a large area in which the Islands are placed under United Nations trusteeship, with the United States as the sole administering authority. Formosa and the Pescadores are not in this group. Then there is a special provision about Formosa and the Pescadores whereby Japan relinquished all right, title and claim to them, a title she had since 1895 when she took them from China. But the Treaty did not specify who got the title to Formosa which Japan relinquished.

It is, though, entirely clear that the United States did not get it. I do not think there can be any reasonable disagreement with the proposition that the title to Formosa and the Pescadores lies in the 48 nations who signed the Japanese Peace Treaty, in trust. Incidentally, many of these 48 nations have a considerable immediate interest in the future of Formosa, for example, Australia, New Zealand, Indonesia, Laos, Cambodia, the Philippines, Viet-Nam, France, the United Kingdom, as well as the US.

But if these 48 states hold this title to Formosa and the Pescadores in trust, they must do something with their trust. This something seems reasonably clear. It is either (1) to have the 48 nations which hold this title in trust negotiate a settlement between Red China and Nationalist China on the future of Formosa and the Pescadores, or (2) to turn the matter over to the only competent world body that exists, the United Nations, for decision. This latter course, which is the policy announced by President Truman, seems far the better of the two methods. The UN has the necessary machinery in its General Assembly to make the decision, and the UN has accepted standing before world opinion. If the Chinese Communists refuse to negotiate with the United Nations that will be their decision; at least the US and the other countries which signed the Japanese Peace Treaty will have done what is right and lawful.

Nor does the recently signed treaty between the United States and Nationalist China preclude us from submitting the Formosan problem to the United Nations. Article VIII of the US-Nationalist China Treaty makes it clear, as Secretary Dulles has said, that the treaty does not affect in any way the obligations of the parties under the United Nations Charter and "recognizes the primary responsibility of the UN in maintaining international peace and security."

One cannot prophesy what the decision of the United Nations would be if the Formosan problem were submitted to it. We may note, however, that the United States has long been a supporter of the right of self-determination, and I should think that we would urge the United Nations to allow the native people of Formosa and the Pescadores to have some say as to their future status. They might decide that they want to stay as they are under the rule of the Nationalists. They might want to be under a UN Trusteeship until the situation calms down. Or they might want to join Red China. But whatever they want, the US should stop making the decision for them.

It would, I think, be a great day for United States prestige and for the cause of Freedom if we were thus to give up our power politics in the Far East and turn instead to treaty rights and principle and law. It would help to dissipate the belief of the Eastern peoples that we are militarists, little better and even more dangerous than the old colonialists of the past. We would give a new impetus to the free peoples of Asia to help themselves in the fight against Communism; we would apply in fact what we say so often in speeches, that it depends mainly on the peoples of Asia themselves whether they shall remain free or shall fall to Communist tyranny. And we would make possible a true political partnership between the United States and the other Western countries with the free peoples of Asia to pool our resources, political, economic, military and moral, in common action of East and West against the Communist menace.

THOMAS K. FINLETTER

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The "Scoops" Served at Private Washington Dinners

What Political Reporters Are Told Off the Record

by Robert L. Riggs

BUSINESS is likely to be a bit lighter during the next week or so for those little "banquet rooms" on the mezzanine of the Statler and in the basement of the Carlton hotels in Washington, D. C. As a result of the public spanking President Eisenhower gave Chief of Naval Operations Admiral Robert B. Carney, there will be a brief pause before high-ranking officials again venture to spend an evening eating and drinking with a score or so of Washington correspondents.

On a Thursday night, March 24, Admiral Carney took down his hair to a group of newsmen with whom he dined. His views, when published, started a tremendous furor over the question of preventive war with Communist China. On Monday night, March 28, at a similar dinner, the President's press secretary, James C. Hagerty, reprimanded the Admiral on behalf of Mr. Eisenhower.

It's rare when reporters get news out of these "off-the-record," "background" gatherings. For that reason, both the Carney dinner and the Hagerty dinner are unique. Otherwise, they were no different from scores that take place during a year. Attendance runs usually from a dozen to 20 men, just about the number who can talk easily around a table.

Anybody can get up such a gathering if he is willing to go to the work of inviting the public figure, arrange for the room, meals and drink, and attend to the chores of billing each reporter for his share of the cost. If you aren't on the list of someone who organizes such affairs, there is nothing to prevent your organizing your own.

As to the Carney dinner and the Hagerty dinner, I was present at one but was not on the list of those invited to the other. By refraining from saying which dinner I ate and which one I missed, I am abiding by the rather involved, stuffy code of ethics which has grown up around the gatherings.

The basic ground rule is known as the Lindley rule, named in honor of Ernest K. Lindley, head of the *Newsweek* Bureau, who arranged the affairs for many years. Simply stated, the rule is that the reporters do not reveal that the session was held, do not divulge that they ever talked with or to Carney or Hagerty. They can write, on their own responsibility, that the President's advisers are warning him that the Chinese Communists will attack the Matsu Islands in the middle of April. They can say that those advisers want him to help Chiang Kai-shek defend the offshore islands, want him to threaten to carry atomic war to the mainland of Asia. But the rules forbid them to say they got the information from the Navy, from the Army, from the Air Force, from the Joint Chiefs of Staff, or from any other specific source.

Likewise, they can say that the President has no information which leads him to believe that Matsu will be attacked April 15. They can say the President has confidence Chiang Kai-shek can hold the islands without our assistance so long as they don't reveal it was Hagerty who gave them the President's views.

For hundreds of dinners, the rules have protected the information givers, the official leakers, the axe-grinders. And in the decade I've been going to these things, I don't recall a time until last week when reporters rushed from the meal to their typewriters There was no rush even from the Carney dinner. You will find a small insert in a Friday morning *New York Times* story by Elie Abel which would indicate that some *Times* man had sent in something Thursday night. But it was not until the Saturday morning papers appeared that there was evidence the reporters had been beating their typewriters throughout Friday. It was from the Hagerty dinner that the real rush took place, the first time such an affair had been covered on a spot basis.

THE difference in coverage which reporters gave the two dinners amusingly illustrates the varying methods of selecting the list of diners. At a majority of the occasions, there will be no "beat men" present, nor will there be representatives of the Associated Press, United Press or International News Service. If you examine the Saturday morning coverage of the Carney dinner, you will note the difference. In the *Washington Post*, there was, on the page opposite the editorial page, a rather brief, meditative piece by Russell Wiggins, the managing editor, which showed that Wiggins had been present when the Admiral warned that the Chinese Reds would attack in mid-April. By contrast, the *New York Times* on Saturday carried an excited story on page one which showed that one of its working reporters, Anthony Leviero, had dined with the Chief of Naval Operations.

The results from the Hagerty dinner were even more curious. On its list, judging by the coverage, were several beat men who cover the White House for individual newspapers. This time, the three big press associations were not left out. But they were represented, not by working reporters who spend their time at the White House, but by the chiefs of two bureaus and the assistant chief of another. The Tuesday morning *Washington Post* had a story on page one relating that President Eisenhower does not agree with the prediction the Reds

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will attack Matsu in April. The by-line was evidence the *Post* was represented at the Hagerty dinner, not by a managing editor-columnist, but by its No. 1 White House reporter, Edward T. Folliard.

A page-one story Tuesday morning in the *New York Times* shows that its No. 1 White House man, William H. Lawrence, rushed from the dinner to his typewriter. But—and here is what made the Hagerty dinner something to talk about in Washington—the bureau chiefs of the press associations went calmly home to bed without doing anything about the story, thus leaving most of the nation's morning papers uncovered. As one of them explained it, it has been so long since he had been to one of those affairs, he thought the rule was you had to wait 24 hours before touching it.

By early morning, the desk men in the Washington bureaus of the press associations were screaming at their White House reporters to find out who that "authoritative spokesman" was who had said the President rebuked an unnamed military adviser over his predictions of war in Asia. One such reporter went charging into Hagerty's office to demand an answer. The President's press secretary suggested the reporter take it up with the chief of his own bureau, who was at the dinner.

There was something vaguely familiar about the plaintive cry which Francis Stephenson, of the *New York Daily News*, raised at the Eisenhower press conference the day after the Hagerty dinner. I knew I had heard those words before when he said to Eisenhower: "Well, it has reached a point, Mr. President, where we have to invite your aides to dinner before we can get such important information as to whether we are going to war."

When the President got through sawing Stephenson off, it came to me when and where I had heard that bleat before. It was nearly 10 years ago. James F. Byrnes was Secretary of State. At the Secretary's press conference, there rose the voice of the late William O. Player Jr., then a member of the *New York Post's* bureau. He said: "In order to get news out of your department, Mr. Secretary, do we have to take you to dinner?" Like the *Daily News* in the recent affairs, the *New York Post* had been omitted from a Byrnes dinner meeting in 1945. So, you see, the situation is not a new one.

FOR a decade, I've carried on a running debate with myself as to whether I wouldn't be better off at home in bed with a good detective story than I would be eating with these people. Certainly the stuff I have written in 10 years from these affairs wouldn't fill even a small scrapbook. They are of considerable value, however, in unexpected ways. They give you a chance to see the Cabinet officer, diplomat or military leader at close range. Something you hear him say in March will help you understand better in November a question with which he is dealing. Things that you never write about stick in your memory and help you years later.

The first "study group" I attended, a couple of years after I arrived in Washington, was with Fleet Admiral Ernest J. King, on the eve of the invasion of France. In the midst of the present furor over Yalta, I remember how emphatic Admiral King was then that Russia must be induced to enter the war against Japan. On the other side of the coin, I remember how disgusted Economic Warfare Chief Leo Crowley was that we should offer Stalin any inducements. I remember him growling between courses: "We ought to charge Stalin money to let him in the fight."

THEN there was Jimmy Byrnes, home from the Yalta conference where he had been a privileged spectator. He has written some caustic things about what went on there, but at the time of that meal he was enthusiastic about the conference in the Crimea. Especially was he pleased at the "hard bargain" Franklin D. Roosevelt had driven with Stalin as to conditions governing the elections to be held in Poland, the elections which were intended to decide whether that unhappy nation should be swallowed by the Communists or should retain some liberty. He fairly gloated with the dessert: "Why, if you let me hold an election in South Carolina under the conditions we imposed in Poland, I ought to be ashamed of myself if I couldn't win."

There was the late Arthur H. Vandenberg, home from the first London meeting of the United Nations General Assembly and bristling with indignation because someone suggested Eleanor Roosevelt may not have been the best selection as a member of the American delegation.

There was Harry S. Truman, seven days before he took the oath as President, sitting with us and, in a shy manner, making it clear to all that he had no doubt he would be in the White House before many months had passed.

Most vividly of all, I remember Harold E. Stassen. It seems to me that, over a seven-year period, it was a dull month that we didn't have food and drink and unlimited conversation with him. That, of course, was during the period when he spent so much time and energy running for the Presidency. Since he came to Washington and got into a post where he might possibly be able to convey all sorts of information to his old friends of the press corps, I often wonder what has become of Stassen.

Despite the cruel fate that overtook Admiral Carney, nothing so mutually advantageous as the Washington "private briefing" will be allowed to die. There will be no lack of candidates for the hot seat. Even that member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Nathan F. Twining, Air Force Chief of Staff, who canceled a dinner date with the correspondents on six-hours notice after the sky fell on his colleague Admiral Carney, eventually will be there to discuss the perilous state of affairs in which this country finds itself all around the world.

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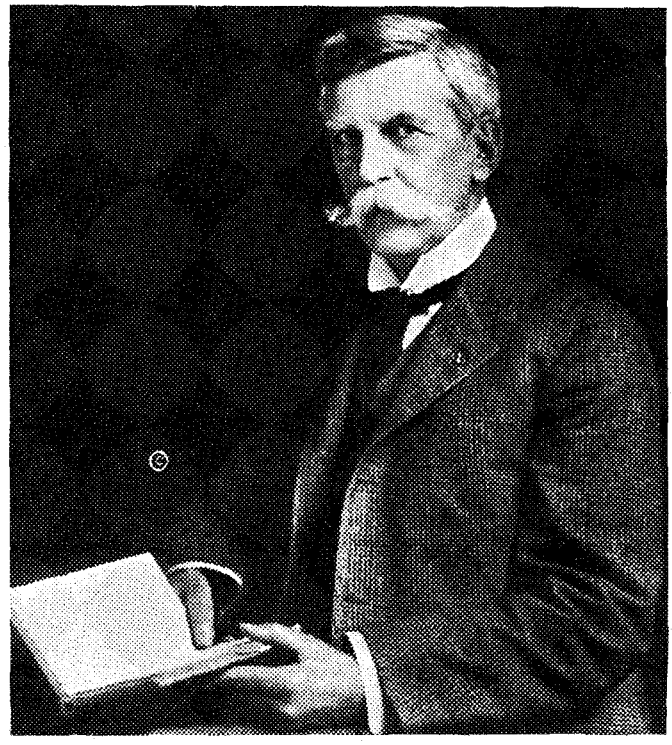
The Humanism of Mr. Justice Holmes

by Francis Biddle

We Americans tend to live so eagerly in the future that we have few links with the past. And if the future enlarges the actuality of the present, the memory of our own heroes can banish our historical insecurity and strengthen the direction of our national aim. They can lift us by the sense of their nobility.

Oliver Wendell Holmes' contributions to American life reached from his days as a soldier, when he left Harvard College to enlist in the Massachusetts Twentieth to fight for the Union in the Civil War, on into the first World War, and a dozen years beyond. That is a long span, 70 years of active life: turning to law after he was mustered out on July 17, 1864, a Lieutenant Colonel; practicing in Boston and teaching law before he published *The Common Law* in 1881; joining the Supreme Court in Massachusetts the next year, against the advice of President Eliot of Harvard and Professor Ames who wanted him to stay on in the Harvard Law School—here was his *métier* they said, he was essentially a scholar and teacher. But he was eager to be closer to the actualities of life, could not be content with the detached vision of the student's closet. After 20 years on the State Court, with the last three as Chief Justice, President Theodore Roosevelt appointed him to the United States Supreme Court. There he served for nearly 30 years, resigning in 1932, when he was 91.

More than most public men, even members of the Court on which he sat, his whole career was centered in his profession—20 years as a student and scholar, nearly 50 as a judge. Yet his life from beginning to end gives one the sense of the passion and urgency of a man of great action. "On the whole," he wrote to Lady Pollock, "I am on the side of the unregenerate who affirm the worth of life as an end in itself, as against the saints who deny it." With this vigorous faith he enjoyed life hugely, enjoyed his work, enjoyed his friends; cared about good talk, knew the rare and lonely excitement of reaching into thought before expressing a conclusion in words which perhaps might touch the ultimate; felt, as he told a group of Harvard undergraduates, "the secret isolated joy of the thinker, who knows that, a hundred years after he is dead and forgotten, men who never heard of him will be moving to the measure of his thought."



Mr. Justice Holmes

That sense of hitching his wagon to the star of greatness, of never accepting the second best, runs through his utterances. He was a child of the flowering of New England, as Van Wyck Brooks has called that renaissance, and as a boy knew his father's friends, and in his turn took his place in the famous Saturday Club of Boston—Louis Agassiz, Richard H. Dana, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, and Prescott, the historian; Charles Eliot, Norton, and Charles Francis Adams. But like them he remained to his marrow and bone a New Englander—salty, cautious about money, not given to the new reform "nostrums" as he called them, loving the windswept downs and little inland farms of the country about Manchester where he spent his summers; sober, intrinsic, a sound mind in a sound body; self-disciplined; rugged in health. There was nothing of the modern American Bedouin about him.

But being a man of a larger and richer world, he loved the complexity and range of life. Holmes would have been amused—I don't think often annoyed—by half-

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Private secretary, 1911-12, to Justice Holmes, the 20th anniversary of whose death is being observed this year, Mr. Biddle was formerly Solicitor General and Attorney General of the United States. His essay is one of a series of lectures on Justices of the US Supreme Court by the authors of their biographies delivered at the University of Chicago Law School and shortly to be published by the University of Chicago Press.

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baked generalities which tried to catch and pin him down, a museum piece in a glass case for the crowd to gaze at. Thus he has been called the Great Dissenter—yet his major dissents have now become the law. It is said that he teaches that might makes right; that truth is what the dominant majority wants.

Such suggestions come from those who believe in absolute systems, which in the realm of law they call "natural law." Holmes disliked the phrase, and particularly the implicit suggestion that *law* was separate from an act of sovereign power, from something that could be enforced. His nature rebelled against the assumption that the preferences of a single group of the community, whether or not accepted by other groups, became law by a sort of laying on of hands, and that this revealed test of moral assumption, by this sanction alone, must stand against the will and choice of the community. He was skeptical of all generalities, although he loved to make them. Were not facts, he liked to say, interesting only to bring out the beauty of some theory of life, some new *aperçue,* as a necklace revealed the beauty of a pretty woman? Skepticism, after all, was a part of the approach to his world of the nineteenth-century American democrat who, brought up on the separation of church and state, refused to recognize personal beliefs of the spirit in the public domain of the community.

HOLMES would have scoffed at the idea that he was a pragmatist, if by that word it was suggested that he held, like his old friend William James, a metaphysical view which could be handily used to improve the Universe. The historians, Morison and Commager, in *The Growth of The American Republic,* in describing the pragmatic movement in the United States which began after the turn of the century, repeat the Italian Papinis' remark that pragmatism was really less of a philosophy than a method of doing without one. Holmes would have accepted the dictum to cover his rejection of absolute truths, and his feeling for the organic evolution of law rather than reference to some abstract measure of judgment lingering in the bosom of Abraham.

Even fundamental law was "an organic growth that must be molded to the changing needs of a changing society"—to quote Morison and Commager. Historical jurisprudence was being supplanted by sociological jurisprudence, a change which Roscoe Pound characterized as an "adjustment of principles and doctrines to the human conditions they are to govern rather than to assumed first principles." This scientific approach to law as an evolution rather than an abstraction was reflected in the introduction of the case system into the law schools. It made possible the reinterpretation of the American Constitution, which came no longer to be regarded "as scholastic theologians" regarded "the scriptures." In a famous dissent in the *Lochner* case, where the majority had held that a New York law limiting the hours of work in bakeries to 10 a day was unconstitutional—the absolute was, of course, the sacred freedom to contract—Holmes dissented. "The Fourteenth Amendment," he observed, "does not enact Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Social Statics.* . . . A constitution is not intended to embody a particular economic theory, whether of paternalism . . . or of *laissez-faire.*"

THE MIND of Holmes, not his heart, was skeptical. His zest for life was a faith in the reality of his own world and his own country, which made him a wholly matured man. The end of life, he once said, was life: "Life is an end in itself, and the only question as to whether it is worth living is whether you have enough of it." His skepticism never wore off that fullness of living as it did in other men of his generation. The doubts of Henry Adams were not religious, but evidenced a mistrust in the value of life itself, which his esthetic sensibility translated into a contempt for the crude, raw, hurrying and careless living of contemporary America—a turmoil and a rush which Holmes met with his head up and a beating pulse. Is it corrupting for a man's faith to be identified deeply with life because he discards a religious explanation of its variety and wonder? Holmes had his own beliefs, but he refused to call them eternal or to insist they must exclude the possibility of other vision.

His dissent in the *Abrams* case testified to his faith. Jacob Abrams, a poor and ignorant garment worker, had been sentenced to 20 years in prison for distributing a ragged little pamphlet which suggested in the usual hackneyed phrases that the workers of the world should arise to challenge an American expeditionary force to Siberia in 1917.

> When men have realized that time has upset many fighting faiths [wrote Holmes], they may come to believe even more than they believe the very foundations of their own conduct that the ultimate good desired is better reached by free trade in ideas—that the best test of truth is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market, and that truth is the only ground upon which their wishes safely can be carried out. That, at any rate, is the theory of our Constitution. It is an experiment, as all life is an experiment. Every year if not every day we have to wager our salvation upon some prophecy based upon imperfect knowledge. While that experiment is part of our system I think we should be eternally vigilant against attempts to check the expression of opinions that we loathe and believe to be fraught with death, unless they so imminently threaten immediate interference with the lawful and pressing purposes of the law that an immediate check is required to save the country.

I have quoted this passage from the famous and moving dissent not only to show with what depths of belief Justice Holmes held his convictions, but to indicate at the same time that the tolerantly rational turn of his

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mind would not permit him to confuse his own faith with any universal conception. It explains what at first appears to be a contradiction, the ancient predicament between faith and doubt. By indicating his major moral (and intellectual) premise he would not allow his own belief to influence the reaches of his judgment. Here his deepest personal conviction coincided with the first amendment—an experiment, as he felt impelled to describe it in order to make perfectly clear that even that great pronouncement was neither universal nor eternal.

THIS objective and judicious play of his mind did not spring from any lack of strong opinion about the economic and social experiments which so often he felt bound to point out did not offend the Constitution. He was a man of his age. He had been brought up on Malthus, Darwin and John Stewart Mill, and he believed in them. Yet his inclination to keep the market without regulation did not incline him to damn constitutionally these legislative restrictions which in private life he termed nostrums. In 1910 he wrote Sir Frederick Pollock: "Of course I enforce whatever constitutional laws Congress or anybody else sees fit to pass, and do so in good faith to the best of my ability—but I do not disguise my belief that the Sherman Act is a humbug based on economic ignorance and incompetence." Holmes was a liberal in the strict nineteenth-century sense, not in the meaning now usually attached to the word to designate an advocate of interference by the state to protect its people from the ferocity of the free enterprise to which the early philosophy of liberalism had led.

And occasionally he would lash out at the ameliorators, who had a way of irritating him. In 1895 he said to the graduating class at Harvard:

> We have learned the doctrine that evil means pain, and the revolt against pain in all its forms has grown more and more marked. From societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals up to socialism, we express in numberless ways the notion that suffering is a wrong which can and ought to be prevented, and a whole literature of sympathy has sprung into being which points out in story and in verse how hard it is to be wounded in the battle of life, how terrible, how unjust it is that anyone could fail.

He did not believe that you could legislate bliss. Once he remarked to his secretary that he say no injustice in being born a toad rather than an eagle.

Holmes hated sentimentality, and believed that it was healthy to remind the theorists and reformers now and then that law had no meaning unless it could be enforced, so that in that sense law did rest on force. But such an attitude did not exhaust a conception; it described one of its essential attributes. Writing to J. C. H. Wu, a young Chinese graduate of the Michigan Law School, who had become a judge of the Shanghai Provisional Court—the letters reach over a dozen years—Holmes was eager to make Wu see just where he stood on the ultimate assumptions. He believed, he said, that there were no *a priori* ultimates—not even that man was an end in himself. "We march up a conscript with bayonets behind to die for a cause he doesn't believe in." Then came the sentence which is so often quoted with the horror of raised hands: "Our morality seems to me only a check on the ultimate domination of force, just as our politeness is a check on the impulse of every pig to put his feet in the trough." But if by such aphorisms he liked to shock the *bourgeois* in all of us, particularly in young Professor Wu, whom Holmes had grown to love tenderly like a son, but who might not have, as Holmes had begun to suspect, the "fire in his belly"—Holmes spent his life asserting the value of courage, of truth, and of tolerance. He had to point out now and then that these virtues were his personal preferences, and that they must not be taken as eternal verities. He had come to learn and to insist on what Judge Learned Hand has called the agony of facing oneself. But if he doubted the ultimate values, his strong Puritan tradition would not permit him to question *his* values—health, hard work, courage amid doubt, an open mind and the will to achieve it. And now and then he could outline his faith, rising above the doubts. In 1913, at a dinner of the Harvard Law School Association, he spoke of this faith—"the faith that I partly have expressed, faith in a universe not measured by our fears, a universe that has thought and more than thought inside of it." And if to him life was "a roar of bargain and battle," he felt compelled immediately to add that "in the very heart of it there rises a mystic spiritual tone that gives meaning to the whole. . . . It suggests that even while we think that we are egotists we are living to ends outside ourselves."

ONE cannot describe Holmes without recording the quality of his wit in talk as in writing, words and thought indistinguishable, so that his clarity, his freshness, and his poet's touch clothed his ideas in a style which made them sound inevitable. His irony was remorseless but accurate, often touching unpromising facts into incandesence. The Mayor of New Bedford was sued for discharging a policeman for political activities. The policeman, Holmes remarked in passing on his suit to be reinstated, might "have a constitutional right to talk politics, but he has no constitutional right to be a policeman." That exactly was the essence of the case, put in a nutshell. In another opinion of the Massachusetts Supreme Court he concluded that: "A boy who is dull at 15 probably was dull at 14."

With a polite yet satisfying irony in an opinion dealing with a will contest, Justice Holmes wrote: "If a single woman not otherwise distinguished should be minded to prolong the remembrance of her family name by a beautiful monument over her grave, we could not

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pronounce it unsuitable or improper as a matter of law."

Now and then a rare side-remark from the Bench would delight the Brethren or any others who were within ear-shot. In the *Gavit* case a taxpayer had achieved a temporary victory in the Second Circuit where the court had held that income from a trust fund was not taxable under the Revenue Act of 1913. Holmes was interested, he said, because he enjoyed such an income. The taxpayer's argument passed the remark until the summation, when he ventured: "I hope, Mr. Justice Holmes, that the Statute of Limitations has not run in your case so that you will not be foreclosed from getting back the tax you have mistakenly paid to the government." Everyone in the courtroom looked at the Justice. "Nothing you have said," he remarked with a deadly mildness, "nothing you have said, my dear sir, leads me to hope." He wrote the opinion reversing the lower court's judgment.

HOLMES' fame as a letter-writer adds lustre to the extraordinary breadth and variety of his talents. Correspondence with Sir Frederick Pollock, the great English legal scholar and historian, admirably edited by Professor Mark DeWolfe Howe, who had been Holmes' secretary in 1933-34, records a friendship which began in 1874, when Holmes, who was 33, with his wife spent a summer in England. These letters run over a period of almost 60 years. Both men shared the same tradition of law, to which was added their interest in philosophy, in literature, and in art. Their reading covered an immense diversity—from Kant to Wodehouse. As they grew older their interests broadened out on paper, and each year they let go a little more, particularly Holmes, who enjoyed thrusting the final shaft into a friend when the occasion was afforded. Of Henry Adams he writes: "When I happened to fall in with him on the street he could be delightful, but when I called at his house and he was posing to himself as the old cardinal he would turn everything to dust and ashes."

The American's sense of continually balancing the complex in thought with the simple in most action is repeated in one earthy passage. A platitude, he writes, had come home to him with a *quasi* religious force, as he was repining at the thought of his slow progress in new ideas, and it occurred to him to reflect how the greater part of life was wholly absorbed in living—"victuals—procreation—rest and eternal terror." One had better "accept the common lot, an adequate vitality would say daily: 'God—what a good sleep I've had.' 'My eye, that was dinner.' 'Now for a rattling walk.' . . . Functioning is all there is—only our keenest pleasure is in what we call the higher sort. I wonder if cosmically an idea is any more important than the bowels."

Last year the wonderful Holmes-Laski correspondence, also edited by Howe, was published. When the letters began Holmes was 77, Laski "a frail stripling of 23"—to use Justice Frankfurter's phrase in the charming foreword. The letters lasted until the Justice died, and before the end he could no longer give Laski's letters adequate answers, only "a few hesitating, straggling words." He supposed it was old age—he was 91. Holmes disagreed, he wrote Pollock, with Laski's direction, his "upward and onwardness," but he found among these young liberals an atmosphere of intellectual freedom in which he could breathe. And at least Laski "didn't believe that universal bliss would ensue if the world would only get a move on and obey when the *New Republic* says Hocus-Pocus—Presto-Changeo." In all these letters we get a sense of the man's *style*—not merely a neat phrase or felicitous approach, but texture and contour, a solid stamp of race below the surface. Young Laski felt it. "You can have a manner," Holmes suggests, "without anything to say; but you can have style only when you have a *fond* of substance." Who else than Holmes could have spoken of a "spontaneity taking an irrational pleasure in a moment of rational sequence"; or remarked that Bergson was forever "churning the void to make cheese"; or regretted that Dicey "could not think like a devil and thus touch the complexities of the exquisite"; or pointed out to this talented and arrogant young Englishman that "England with all its beauties and powers is Little Pedlington."

Some day the definitive life of Justice Holmes will be brought out, and we shall have a chance at all the other unpublished letters — his long correspondence with Lewis Einstein, the diplomat; the letters to his friend, Mrs. John Chipman Gray; the great store of correspondence at the Harvard Law School. And he wrote them all in a long-hand often very hard to decipher, with meticulous care to say exactly what he meant.

If Justice Holmes had been asked to advise a young lawyer regarding his career he might, I think, have said to him something like this.

> I doubt whether I can be of much help to you, my lad. If you care enough you will achieve something. But you must put everything you have into your work, the whole urge and flight of your soul—and then something more. You must hold only one standard—to live nobly if you are to practice a noble profession. As to your reading—don't spend your evenings dredging through the advanced reports of the courts. Read French novels, read poetry, read the things we once called the humanities. Above all, read contemporary books. No book after 25 or 50 years is worth anything—that is, generally speaking. Don't forget that when the Judgment Day comes you may be asked to recite on *The Decline and Fall*. . . . A good lawyer is a man of the world, first and last. A great lawyer is a man of the great world.

He would have paused, thinking his words sounded inadequate. How could he sum it all up in a sentence? Then he might have added, as he once wrote: "And never forget, life is painting a picture, not doing a sum."

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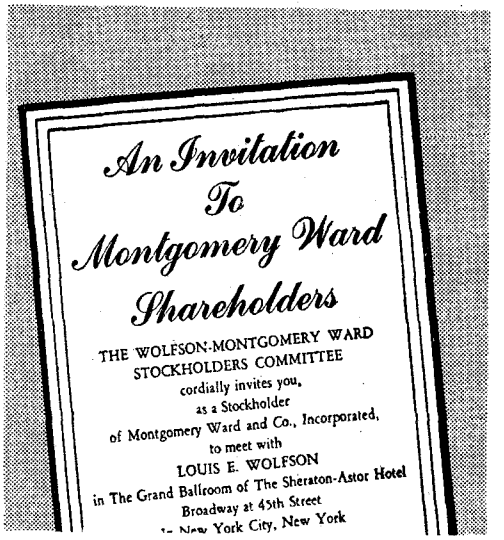
Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolfson

by Walter Goodman

SOME 16,000 residents of New York City and vicinity received engraved invitations early last month "to meet LOUIS E. WOLFSON in the Grand Ballroom of the Sheraton-Astor Hotel" at 3 p.m. on March 22. About 3,500 accepted the invitation. This New York gathering was the sixth in a series of *tête-à-têtes* with Montgomery Ward shareholders that the 43-year-old challenger for control of the nation's second largest retail chain has been sponsoring in major cities across the country. The battle for proxies, which has already cost the Wolfson insurgents $500,000, will be settled on April 22—at the election of directors in Chicago.



Each guest at the Astor (including businesslike Joe and Dominic DiMaggio) found on his chair a 30-page, slick-paper booklet entitled, "Let's Rebuild Montgomery Ward!" Trim young things sporting gold tags paraded prettily among the financiers, collecting questions they had written out for Mr. Wolfson. In the Belvedere Room 10 flights up another thousand shareholders followed the proceedings over a 15-by-20-foot TV screen. It was a sober crowd; the ladies wore gray and navy blue. Bald heads were plentiful.

At 3 p.m. the chairman of the meeting introduced Frank Leahy, formerly of Notre Dame and now on the Wolfson team, who in turn introduced six Wolfson nominees to the Ward Board of Directors, "each of whom has carved a deep niche in the hall of fame." After these famous niche-carvers had been applauded, Mr. Leahy got down to the real business of the afternoon. "Most of my life," he reminisced, "has been devoted to coaching football. Consequently I've learned a great deal about human nature." This knowledge stood him in good stead in appreciating Louis Wolfson. ". . . A father, a husband, and a good friend . . . a truly devout individual . . . his devotion to God . . . a sound, good and *truly* American philosophy . . . a real all-American gentleman and a great American citizen . . . the finest financial friend you've ever had . . . the Knute Rockne of the business world."

At length friendly, athletic Louis Wolfson—by all odds the tallest, darkest, handsomest big businessman operating these days—rose before the six microphones. He got right down to cases, accusing Sewell Avery—who has been holding down the Presidential chair at Ward's for 24 years—of smearing him and his family and of bringing financial pressures to bear on his associates. He talked directly to his point, and didn't bother with transitional phrases. His tone mild, his Florida drawl pleasant, his handling of figures incisive, Wolfson is basing his fight, he says, on the "very, very important philosophy of co-operative democracy," as practiced by Merritt-Chapman & Scott, the Florida construction firm he took over in 1949. This means: election of directors and auditors every year; opposition to all stock options for corporation officials; a maximum $25,000 pension for retiring officers; a requirement that every director own a minimum of 1,000 shares of his corporation's stock as a sign of good faith; executive salaries consistent with earnings; stockholder decision on all profit-sharing and bonus schemes.

"It is a company's duty and responsibility to pay dividends as much as they can pay if they have to change management every year to do it," he proclaimed, and reviewed the rise of dividends in the organizations he has come to control. Washington's Capital Transit Company went from an annual dividend of 50 cents in 1949 to $1.60 in 1954. Merritt-Chapman & Scott jumped from $1.50 to $3.67 in the same period. New York Shipbuilding, which was paying no dividend whatever when Wolfson took it over, returned $3 a share after the first year. "And ah have nevah," he said softly, "declahed dividends except out of current earnings."

In contrast to this happy record, Montgomery Ward's position is bleak. While Sears Roebuck stock is now selling on the exchange for more than twice its book value and J. C. Penney is going at more than three times *its* book value, Montgomery Ward, with a list price of $95.15 a share, can be picked up at about $77 any day of the week. "I believe it's the most disgraceful management of any corporation in America, and I know what I'm talking about." Based on the J. C. Penney average, Mr. Wolfson estimates that Ward stock should be selling at $286 a share and the dividend should be $12 a year instead of the miserable $3.50 it brought owners in 1954.

Mr. Wolfson sees 81-year-old Sewell Avery, as the

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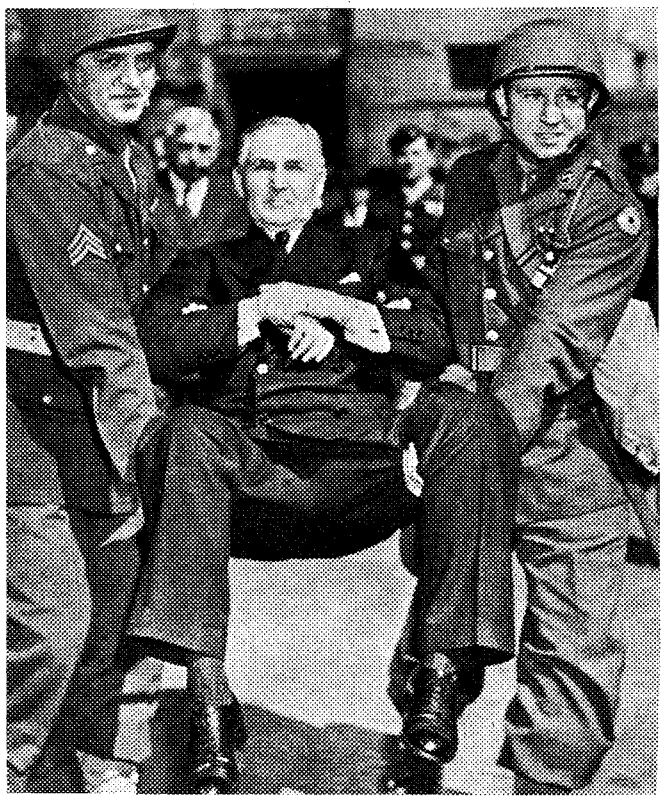
personification of unimaginative management. Avery—who achieved front-page prominence during the war when he was carried from his office by two sturdy soldiers—has been quoted as saying, "We will expand when we can build stores for $3 a square foot." The last new Ward store was built in Detroit in 1941, and Sears Roebuck has been gaining a bigger sales lead on Ward with every passing year. The Avery kind of "gloom and doom thinking" is a special cause of concern to Mr. Wolfson because it inspires psychological fear which plays right into the hands of the Communists. "We will see to it," he pledges, "that Mr. Vishinsky, if he wakes up from his grave, will find that the American people will never tolerate that weapon in the hands of the Communistic Government."

Mr. Wolfson concluded by charging "this poor decadent management" with "a lack of trusteeship in seeing that dividends are paid to you people" and "in forcing the price of this stock so low that people entitled to profit will never see it." And he vowed to "do the best I can to promote the interests of every stockholder no matter how big or small."

Now it was question time. The first questions, as read by the chairman, probed Mr. Wolfson's motivations in trying to win control of Montgomery Ward. Mr. Wolfson replied at length. There was high principle: "Little lady, we have about 69,000 stockholders like you; it's so important that I'll work the rest of my life to do it." Honest ambition: "I've heard of Montgomery Ward ever since I was a boy . . . I've always dreamed of being a champion businessman and I'm not . . . my entire career is at stake. . . ." International strategy again: "A depression is the greatest weapon put in the hands of Communists today. . . ."

As THE chairman was about to read the next query, a little man in the front row, identified later as one Lewis D. Gilbert, an habitue of corporation meetings leaped to his feet to suggest in a Brooklyn tenor that the questions read thus far had been planted and to demand permission to ask a couple of his own from the floor. The chairman assured him he'd have an opportunity after awhile. Mr. Gilbert demanded the opportunity right now. "I'll call for a vote," said the chairman. "No!" exclaimed the veteran of stockholder battles. "I have questions and I challenge him to answer them!" A couple of men rushed over to little Mr. Gilbert and waved fistfuls of papers in his face. He, all undaunted, waved *his* papers in *their* faces. Photographers roused themselves to action. "I challenge him to answer!" shouted Mr. Gilbert. "As soon as we get a mike to you . . ." the chairman surrendered. But Mr. Gilbert wasn't listening. "I challenge him to answer! I challenge him to answer! I challenge him to answer!"

Mr. Wolfson stepped forward and a hush fell. "If a question can't be answered," he said judiciously, "there's something hidden." Mr. Gilbert then received his microphone and confounded the assemblage by expressing his firm intention to vote for Mr. Wolfson. Nevertheless, on behalf of those who had entrusted him with their proxies he was putting his questions anyway. "How do you explain the difference between the 294,000 shares your official SEC statement says you have and the 500,000 shares you've reported to the newspapers." Mr. Wolfson explained that the larger figure included the ownings of kindred spirits now actually members of his committee and he claimed that this group now directly controls more than a million of Ward's 6,700,000 shares.



The chairman of the board of Montgomery Ward being removed from his offices by US troops for refusing "to co-operate" when the government took over the firm.

As Mr. Gilbert took his seat for the time being, a lady rose to call on the "little stockholders" to cast their ballot for the only female candidate on the slate, Bernice Fitz-Gibbon, a Wolfson partisan. "I don't like the term 'little stockholders'," commented Mr. Wolfson, who had made generous use of this disagreeable term in his opening remarks. "A stockholder's a stockholder in any corporation that I happen to be a director of." "That's why I'm voting for you!" cheered Mr. Gilbert, hopping up with a great show of energy from his front-row seat. "Why don't you sit down?" chorused the row behind him. "I have no intention of sitting down," Mr. Gilbert retorted testily and waved a finger at his critics. "And you just keep quiet."

Another lady rose to reveal that many employees of corporations and many bankers fear to vote against man-

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agement because their ballot is not secret—a clear departure from Anglo-Saxon law. "I tell you right now," Mr. Wolfson replied thoughtfully, "you have a very good point. . . . If you can show me anything that stands for corporation democracy, Lou Wolfson stands for them."

An interrogator in the Belvedere Room wanted to know whether Wolfson would seek reimbursement from Ward funds for the half million dollars or more this fight was costing him—assuming he won the presidency. Wolfson pledged to put the question up to Ward stockholders in 1956, after he'd had a year to show them what he can do.

The next owner of Montgomery Ward to take the floor was Harry G. Starr, an elderly fellow who spoke in a most leisurely and reflective manner. "My mind isn't made up yet," he notified the gathering and went on to express his concern over Mr. Wolfson's unfriendly references to Mr. Avery. "I think you have planted a seed of discontent in the minds of the people assembled here," he admonished.

Mr. Wolfson interrupted to ask him to cite a specific instance when he had resorted to personal smear. Mr. Starr seemed to want to discuss J. C. Penney. Frank Leahy explained that Mr. Wolfson would never ever refer to Mr. Avery's extra-corporative life. Mr. Starr appeared bent on saying something about J. C. Penney. The chairman directed him to ask a question, not make a speech.

Mr. Gilbert rose like Launcelot at the scent of a dragon and demanded that the dissident be heard. "All right, Mr. Gilbert," said the chastened chairman. "You keep quiet," Mr. Gilbert shot right back. "You're the worst public relations man in America. That's what I think of *you*." He marched and countermarched in a great huff between the dais and the first row, whirling his arms while the chairman remonstrated with Mr. Starr. "Let him finish!" Mr. Gilbert's querulous shouts spun over the assembled heads one after the other. "Let him finish! Let him finish!" Mr. Starr mumbled disconsolately into his chest. The chairman again requested that Mr. Starr ask his question. "You stooge!" screamed Mr. Gilbert.

THE chairman, Frank Leahy and Mr. Wolfson finally managed to attract the attention of Mr. Starr, who was looking somewhat bewildered by it all, and entice him up to the dais. "I think this country stands for free speech," opined Mr. Wolfson. The defiant voice of Mr. Gilbert, who had become involved in an altercation in one corner of the ballroom, pierced the new stillness: "This is my job and I'll do it for the American stockholder any time."

After a moment to set himself before the battery of microphones, Mr. Starr smiled amiably out at the more-or-less composed assembly. "I've never made a speech before in my life," he told them and chuckled. He is the president of a very large firm, he disclosed ("I have devoted the lion's share of my life to retailing."), and he doesn't attend stockholders' meetings very often. But he *did* recall attending one at R. H. Macy's some time back. He smiled to himself: "That reminds me of a funny story."

Groans rose from the congregation, and up popped Mr. Gilbert: "Come to the point!" he cried. "Give him your question! Don't try to make a speech!" The chairman allied himself eagerly with his late and irrepressible opponent to accuse Mr. Starr of being there under false pretenses. "Don't come under false pretenses!" screeched Mr. Gilbert, skipping, stomping, flaying. "Give him your question! Give him your question!" Mr. Starr stroked his chin in a melancholy way and blinked around the ballroom. "In fairness to you," the chairman addressed the audience, "I ask this man to propound his question." Mr. Starr turned toward him and said with a hurt look in his eyes, "I don't admire your attitude at all."

Wolfson and Dom DiMaggio

Suddenly there came a new voice from the floor, where a portly gray-haired man had taken possession of an available, though dead, microphone. "I represent 3,000 shares," he announced. "I have listened to this young man as an up-and-coming. . . ." The mike was switched on and there was a burst of applause. Mr. Gilbert flew into the aisle, outraged and shrieking. "That man has the floor!" he pointed heroically to the besieged Mr. Starr. "Yeah," concurred a voice in the balcony. "We wanna hear his question." Mr. Starr ruffled his notes and cleared his throat. The portly man with the mike continued his paean to Mr. Wolfson, who stood on the dais, his head tilted slightly, a symbol of attentive patience. "You've been sitting in the Wolfson section!" Mr. Gilbert accused in his crackling tenor. "Let him finish," ruled the chairman. "I've never met Wolfson in my life," stated the man on the floor with immense indignation. He was applauded. "Sit down!" came a holler from the balcony. "Let him finish!" repeated the chairman. The crowd pressed forward. "Point of order!" shrilled Mr. Gilbert. "Point of order!" The chairman turned to Mr. Starr: "Do you yield the floor?" Mr. Starr smiled, nodded in a dazed but agreeable way and ruffled his notes. "Lou Wolfson!" declaimed the portly man to another burst of applause. "Sto-o-o-o-o-oge!" howled Mr. Gilbert.

Frank Leahy thereupon took the microphone in his two hands and declared: "The meeting is adjourned. Thank you kindly."

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Another Partition of Israel?

by Ray Alan

"THE UNITED STATES and Britain are already aware of the price Egypt is asking for her co-operation with the West," Major Salah Salem, Propaganda Minister in the Cairo military junta, has announced. This is the abandonment by Israel of the Negev—the semi-desert triangle which occupies the southern half of her territory—and its attachment to Jordan, thus providing Jordan with an outlet to the Mediterranean and Egypt with a land link with the Levant and Arabia.

Major Salem's immediate aim seems to be fourfold: To titillate Egyptian public opinion, depressed by the permanent atmosphere of crisis investing the junta's affairs, at home and abroad; to lure Jordan into Egypt's new Arab League rump alliance and away from the "imperialistic" Turkish-Iraqi pact; to test the State Department's willingness to go beyond mere negative "appeasement" of the Arab regimes to positive support of their demands on Israel; and to strengthen Egypt's own position within the Arabic-speaking world. Israel undoubtedly acts as a buffer to the spread of Egyptian influence into the Levant, and it is widely believed in Cairo that if Egypt had possessed a direct land link with Jordan, and thence Syria, both these states would have taken a more determined stand against the Western-oriented Turkish-Iraqi pact.

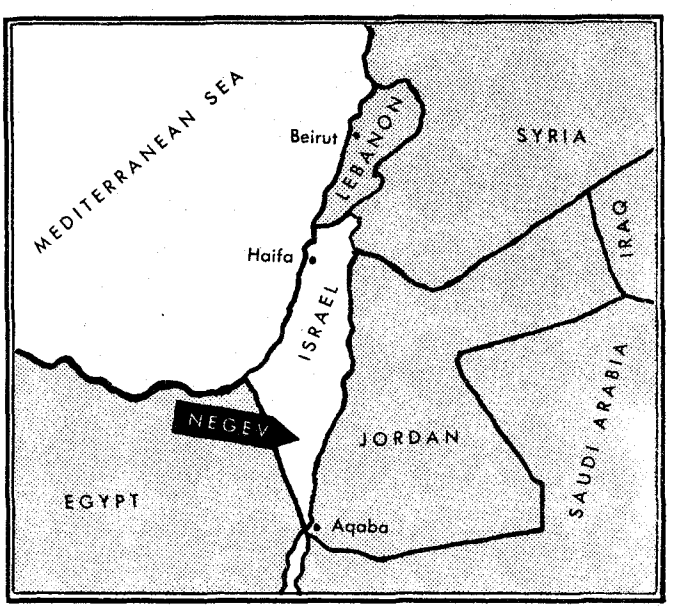
The initiative is a cunning one—but as reckless as it is cunning, as a glance back at the recent history of the region makes clear. It could boomerang embarrassingly for its author.

THE Negev has been coveted by Jordanian leaders since 1948, when the late King Abdullah was pushed by the allied irresponsibility of Ernest Bevin, King Farouk and the Syrian and Iraqi ruling classes into the Arab League's abortive invasion of Israel. In going to war against Israel he cut himself off from his main supply port, Haifa, constructed by joint British and Zionist enterprise and transferred by the British authorities to Zionist control before the Palestine mandate actually came to an end.

The financial burden of rerouting Jordan's imports via Beirut and Damascus and of developing rudimentary port facilities at the coastal village of Aqaba fell chiefly upon Britain, whose annual subsidies were—and still are—the synthetic kingdom's economic mainstay. But both Abdullah and his British advisers took the view that if Jordan were to survive she must have an outlet to the Mediterranean. An obvious outlet was across the Negev, unpopulated except for about 25 austere Zionist settlements and a handful of primitive Bedouin sub-tribes, but awarded to Israel under the UN's 1947 partition resolution.

The British Labour Government had already decided that control of the Negev was desirable for the maintenance of land communications between its bases in the Suez Canal Zone and eastern Jordan, and was so confident of salvaging it from the wreckage of the Palestine mandate that even after Bevin's evacuation decision was announced it spent over $10 million on the preparation of camp and barrack sites in the vicinity of Gaza and Ashcalon in the Negev.

Significantly or not, the late Count Bernadotte, UN's Palestine mediator, recommended the reversal of the partition resolution on this point and suggested in his posthumously published report that the Negev be awarded to Jordan. The rumor—spread by an Arab journalist attached to the mediator's headquarters as



The Negev forms nearly 60 percent of Israel's total land area. In addition to containing her sole source of phosphate, essential to modern fertilizers, the region is rich in a variety of raw materials. There is every indication that the Negev contains oil and exploratory drilling is now in progress. The Red Sea port of *Elath*, just west of Aqaba, is the only Israeli port facing toward the markets of Africa and the Orient.

Ray Alan, a British journalist, has recently returned from a tour of Egypt and the Arab countries.

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the correspondent of a British Information Service—that British influence induced Count Bernadotte to make this recommendation was undoubtedly false; but the alacrity with which Bevin accepted the Bernadotte plan, and the vigor with which his information services and the BBC plugged it, aroused Egyptian, Saudi and Syrian suspicions as well as the active opposition of all the Israelis.

Egypt's King Farouk coveted the Negev both for reasons of domestic prestige and as a bargaining point in obtaining a British evacuation of the Suez Canal Zone. During the second half of 1948 his army maintained a garrison at Bethlehem whose sole purpose was to prevent Abdullah's British-officered Arab Legion from occupying southern Palestine. Syria and Saudi Arabia, equally hostile to Abdullah's designs, wished to see Arab Palestine independent, under a government drawn from ex-mufti Haj Amin's faction and certainly not in Jordanian hands.

Egypt's final defeat by Israel at the end of 1948 left King Abdullah free to negotiate directly with representatives of the Jewish state for a Western outlet. Rejecting his demand for the Negev, they agreed to offer him free port facilities and an "extra-territorial train" from Haifa. A non-aggression agreement incorporating these points would have been signed but for Egyptian pressure and the British Foreign Office's fear that the other Arab League states, already angered by Abdullah's annexation of eastern Palestine, might devote themselves to the destruction of his kingdom—a far, far softer nut to crack than Israel.

MAJOR SALEM'S Negev bait is today doubly attractive to Jordanian ruling circles. The Jordan Government's recent bid to relax its treaty ties with Britain and obtain control of the Arab Legion's purse-strings failed, and resentment against Britain and dissatisfaction with the *status quo* are rife. The one thing British officials in Amman and their Jordan colleagues are agreed upon is that conditions cannot remain as they are: either Britain (in recognition of the effects of sterling devaluation and rising prices) must double her present $30 million subsidy or persuade the United States to take over her Jordanian burden, or Jordan must seek a merger or federal union with one of her two oil-rich neighbors, Iraq or Saudi Arabia, neither of which seems eager to wed.

At the moment she has nothing to offer them but a restless, impoverished population and a wrecked potash works captured from the Zionists. But if she could add to her dowry a Mediterranean outlet, or even a whisper of the possibility of one, the Iraqi and Saudi rulers would soon be elbowing each other aside in their rush for her favors. Britain, too, would be compelled to regard the new, strategically-significant Jordan as rather more than an embarrassing poor relation for which a position must be found on someone else's payroll.

All this iffing and butting is, of course, the standard idiom of Near-Eastern politics. It is unlikely that even Major Salem himself considers his Negev suggestion a practical proposition. T. E. Lawrence had one of his books published in the US at a price of half a million dollars a copy to safeguard his copyright without there being much likelihood of a sale. Major Salem's estimate of the price of Egypt's co-operation with the West appears to have been fixed in much the same spirit. He can hardly have been so completely misled by the State Department's current policy as to imagine that America can really be stampeded by fear of Arab neutralism into forcing Israel to cede the Negev. Admittedly, Washington's philosophical indifference to nightly Egyptian and Jordanian border attacks on Israel and Egypt's blockade of the Suez Canal and Gulf of Aqaba, coupled with its haste to condemn Israel and express sympathy to Cairo when Egyptian lives were lost, look odd even to *blasé* Western eyes; but not even the Propaganda Minister of a military dictatorship should take so cynical a view of democratic political morality, whatever the seeming weight of evidence.

Major Salem's nascent Machiavellianism seems more likely to undermine his own precarious personal position than Israel's possession of the Negev. The prominence the BBC gave his suggestion, in bulletin after bulletin right round the clock (for no more sinister reason than that news was thin on the ground that day), revived memories of Bevin and the Bernadotte plan in Cairo and Damascus and set Arab Anglophobes, always eager to accuse their leaders of having sold out to the "imperialists," wondering about the Major's loyalties. Even in Jordan official sources stated that Israel's cession of the Negev would not be sufficient either to justify full co-operation with the West or to reconcile the Arabs to Israel's existence.

WHETHER or not it approved Major Salem's initiative, the Egyptian government must be awaiting King Saud's reaction with some interest. Colonel Abdel-Nasser was obliged to dismiss and disgrace his Propaganda Minister for a day last year for having displeased the Saudi monarch by releasing a similar trial balloon over Syria. Any serious attempt to establish an independent corridor across the north of Arabia, from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf, would oblige King Saud to revive his claims on Aqaba and Ma'an, in southern Jordan, in order to frustrate it. He will not thank Major Salem for setting the idea in circulation. If Colonel Abdel-Nasser is forced to make a final choice between his Propaganda Minister and his regime's only firm Arab ally, the Major will very speedily be discovered to be an undercover member of the blacklisted Moslem Brotherhood: the idea was, indeed, mooted in tentative terms at the time of his last disgrace.

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The Superficial Aspect

MR. WALTER REUTHER'S recent proclamation of the long-range program of organized labor may be effective for organizational purposes, but this superficial observer found it rather a damp firecracker. It made resounding play with the inevitable, but cautiously skirted around the contingent, which is much more interesting.

It is logical enough to argue that labor should receive an increasing share of the increasing income of an expanding economy; but it is also trite. If the economy continues to expand, labor will continue to get more money and probably an increasing proportion of the total. We may take that as read, for labor is now too strongly intrenched to suffer oppression in an era of prosperity.

Mr. Reuther would have been much more interesting if he had discussed the efforts that the unions can make and should make to keep the economy expanding. The conventional answer that they do so by sustaining purchasing power is insufficient, for purchasing power is worthless if its possessor doesn't purchase. The economic objection to allotting an income of $5 million a year to one man is that he does not and cannot spend it in the consumers' goods market.

An expanding economy is one that is not only producing an increasing volume of goods, but also an increasing variety of goods. To make it possible for every working-class family to buy a television set may be laudable, but it is much less desirable to enable it to buy two sets, or 10 sets. Yet a man whose desires are limited to possession of a television set will not contribute effectively to an expanding economy, no matter how much money he has.

The labor unions' work in securing a more equitable distribution of the total national income has been spectacularly successful and, I believe, has done much to steady the economy. But it has not been accompanied by any comparable success in creating new and economically desirable consumer demands among union members. That is to say, while the unions have been good at securing more money and more leisure for their members, they have not been nearly as good at creating demands that would channel both money and leisure toward socially and economically desirable ends.

Yet activity along this line would provide an effective answer to the $64 question that harasses union leadership, namely, "Why support a union between strikes?" Needless to say, it would also be a service of incalculable value to the membership. Enriching life is not accomplished by satiating one or two desires, but by reasonably satisfying a large number. It cannot be done, though, for a man who wishes for nothing beyond a bottle of liquor, a carton of cigarettes and a TV set.

In the past Mr. Reuther has given evidence of a vividness of imagination that gave ground for hope that he would grasp the importance of increasing not only the purchasing power but also the variety of consumer demand in union membership. Printers are working men just as certainly as instrument makers, and an increasing demand for books would stabilize employment in the typographical trades, to say nothing of its social effect; but you can't employ large numbers of men producing the works of Aristotle for a public whose concept of a book is the miscalled "comics."

The trades unions of Great Britain got the idea long ago, probably because they were driven to it by a much more rigid class structure than ever existed in this country. But the garment workers have proved that American ingenuity is capable of seeing the point without the compulsion of class lines. There is every reason to believe that vigorous leadership could accomplish here all that has been done in Great Britain and probably a great deal more.

YET MR. REUTHER continues to harp on higher wages and shorter hours, not as an immediate necessity, but as a long-range program. He ignores the fact that it is a closed program whose end is already in sight. More and more pay for less and less work would logically end in infinite pay for no work, *quod*—to borrow a tag of Toynbee's learning—*esset absurdum*. Organized labor should be realistic enough to face the fact that there is somewhere an optimum work week, to reduce which is as detrimental to labor as to capital. As a matter of fact a great many union men do realize it, even though they may believe that the optimum has not yet been reached.

So when high-level leadership commits itself to a closed program, it inevitably admits that organization is not a way of life but an expedient to attain certain ends which, once attained, will render organization superfluous. It is a view much more restricted than the British concept that once the ends are attained, then organization will be free to proceed to the enrichment of life which is its final and limitless program. It is disappointing to see Americans setting bounds to their own ambition.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Loyalty and Security in Historical Perspective

by Will Herberg

THE nation is now engaged in taking a long second look at its security program. There is, so far, no general agreement on what, if anything, is to be done, but there seems to be a widespread feeling that the security program, as developed under the Truman and Eisenhower administrations, is at many points vitiated by serious abuses and shortcomings. The public mind is troubled, and a good deal is being written and said on the subject, but it cannot be claimed that the discussion has hitherto contributed much to a solution of our perplexities. There is too much exhortation, too much righteous indignation that easily lapses into self-righteous scolding, too much unthinking repetition of stereotyped phrases without regard to their contemporary relevance. What is conspicuously lacking—though it is surely not the only thing lacking—is a broader view than can be achieved by fixing exclusively on the particularities of the current situation, and a more objective framework of evaluation than is provided by indignant tirades against "McCarthyism." What is conspicuously lacking, in short, is historical perspective.

Era of the Oath: Northern Loyalty Tests During the Civil War and Reconstruction, by Harold Melvin Hyman (Pennsylvania; $5). *Red Scare:* A *Study in National Hysteria, 1919-1920*, by Robert K. Murray (Minnesota; $4.75).

The two books here under consideration attempt to meet this need for a broader historical view. They are both studies of aspects of the security problem at various points of the nation's past. Mr. Hyman's work deals with loyalty oaths during the Civil War and Reconstruction, Mr. Murray's with the "Red Scare" of 1919-1920; but both reveal evidence that the authors are conscious of the contemporary relevance of their inquiries and findings. They are therefore books that must be taken into consideration in the current debate over the security problem.

Unfortunately, Mr. Murray's book will prove of less help than might be expected. This failure is due not to the subject matter of the book, which is sufficiently close in time and place to make it relevant, nor to the not infrequent errors of fact and interpretation which the author permits himself. The failure of Mr. Murray's work to provide the illumination it might would seem to be largely due to his over-eagerness to teach us our lesson. Mr. Murray's book is too obviously, too explicitly, a tract for the times, and so it loses the relative distance and detachment of historical perspective without gaining any greater cogency thereby. The historian must not be too concerned about immediate contemporary relevance if he wants to be really and enduringly relevant.

Mr. Murray never tires of denouncing "emotionalism" in politics and calling for "reason" and "balanced judgment"; yet his book so quivers with emotion in every line and paragraph that it is sometimes hard to make out what he is really saying. His use of adjectives, for example, is uncomfortably revealing. Anti-Communism, in his pages, is always "rabid" (his favorite epithet), "exaggerated," "frantic," "hysterical"; but the worst he can find for the other side is "ill-considered" and "rash." He has no compunction about employing (quite innocently, I'm sure) the notorious "amalgam" technique: the American Legion, the Ku Klux Klan, and the National Association of Manufacturers are repeatedly linked together because they are all anti-Communist.

What is even worse, his emotionalism sometimes betrays him into irresponsible assertions and judgments. "Few occurrences [in modern American history]", he assures us, "have involved so much exaggeration and fear [as the Great Red Scare following World War I]. None was so fraught with rank intolerance and mob violence." Has Mr. Murray forgotten the "mob violence" of the draft riots in 1863 in which hundreds of New Yorkers were killed in street fighting; has he forgotten the "rank intolerance" of the anti-Catholic agitation just a decade or two earlier, then again towards the end of the century, and again on the occasion of the Smith campaign in 1928? In The Great Red Scare, he goes on, the federal government took the lead, but "the states far surpassed the federal government in the actual suppression, or threats of suppression, of all forms of nonconformity." When and where, the "non-hysterical" reader may ask, was there ever a threat of suppression of "*all* forms of nonconformity" in the United States? Such excesses of judgment and feeling permeate the book, and cannot help but impair its value.

MR. MURRAY'S emotionalism operates within a framework of assumptions and prejudices that have come to be known as "ritualistic liberalism." In his scheme of things, the "reactionaries," or "conservatives," are always "planning," "concerting," and "mobilizing," while the "liberals" and "radicals" (the two naturally go together in Mr. Murray's system) are always "protesting" and always being victimized. "Nonconformity" is an elastic word with Mr. Murray, covering everything from outright Communism and disloyalty to virtually nothing at all. In this rather simple scheme of things, the labor movement constitutes a permanent embarrassment. It should, by rights, be in the camp of the virtuous, the "liberals and radicals," and yet, as a matter of fact, it is the most "rabid" of "Red-baiters." Mr. Murray doesn't know what to make of it; he is "for" labor, yet he sneers at its early, unremitting, and intransigent opposition to Communism, which is surely one of the best services organized labor has rendered to itself and to the nation in recent years.

On the rare occasions when he comes to deal with the problem of Communism in a direct way, Mr. Murray has almost nothing to say except to repeat the tired old "liberal" formulas. He regularly equates Communism with radicalism, and sees both (they are one in his mind) as the product of "low living standards, sickness and disease, illiteracy, racial intolerance, unequal opportunity, and

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war," to be met by "the avoidance of social wrongs and the creation of social justice and economic opportunity. . . ." Anyone who can see Communism—above all, Communism in the United States—in this incredibly naïve manner is obviously not in a position to contribute anything significant to our understanding of so complex a problem as national security against Communism today.

Yet, however disappointing Mr. Murray's book turns out to be, it is not altogether without its value for our time. When read with care, and with a critical eye to Mr. Murray's often misleading analogies (he tries to identify present-day anti-Communism with the "Red Scare" of 1919-1920 so unequivocally that he obscures their many basic differences), the work may help us get some of the historical perspective we need. For it does tell the story of a significant episode in our recent history with important lessons for our time.

MR. HYMAN'S book is admirably free from the faults and distortions that mar Mr. Murray's work. Mr. Hyman has his point of view, his bias, even his emotions, but he knows how to keep them from becoming too warping or obtrusive. He tells an absorbing, thoroughly documented story, and he knows how to write vividly without the help of "excited" adjectives. And the story he tells, though it deals with events that took place some 80 or 90 years ago, is more directly pertinent to our times and our troubles than the account Mr. Murray gives of an episode little more than a generation away.

Mr. Hyman deals with the threat of subversion in government and the public service during the Civil War-Reconstruction period, and with the efforts to deal with this problem by means of loyalty oaths. This is obviously the problem of our time as well, much more so than the mass "hysteria" of which Mr. Murray writes. Hardly 50 of the 156 pages of Mr. Hyman's text are devoted to the war years; the bulk of the book relates to the decade or so of the post-war Reconstruction. Here there is a real difference with our situation, for we are involved not in post-war reconstruction, but in a "cold" war which may easily break out into a "hot" war at any moment. This difference must constantly be kept in mind in evaluating and applying Mr. Hyman's conclusions.

Mr. Hyman's story is well and clearly told—the first Congressional investigation of loyalty in government initiated early in 1861 by a House committee, headed by Representative John F. Potter of Wisconsin; the adoption by Congress in August of the same year of a new oath of office for federal employees; the adoption in 1862 of the famous "ironclad" test oath, requiring attestation to past loyalty, as well as to present and future; the extension of the oath beyond government officials and public servants to jurors, lawyers, teachers, merchants, sea captains, American tourists abroad, even clergymen in certain localities; the use of the "ironclad" by the Congressional radicals as an instrument in frustrating Johnson's plan of Reconstruction and promoting their own; the spreading confusion produced by the multiplicity of oaths and the uncertainty as to their coverage; the intricate constitutional questions involved; the crucial decisions of the Supreme Court in the Garland and Cummings cases (1867), which limited the scope of the loyalty oaths and raised doubts as to their application and value; the first breach (1868), the increasing disuse, and the final repeal (1884) of the "ironclad" and other loyalty oaths. Mr. Hyman tells the story with a maximum of objectivity and a minimum of emotion, and the total effect is most impressive.

PARTICULARLY impressive is the parallel with our own times that emerges at every point in the story, though it is never labored or forced to our attention. The Civil War problem resembled our own in that it concerned the danger of treasonable infiltration and subversion of government and public service by hidden agents of the external foe; it resembled our own too in its reliance on loyalty oaths, its Congressional investigations, executive probes, departmental confusion, and diverse Cabinet policies. The excesses we complain of today were far outdone by the extremes to which the zealots went in those days: in many cases, ministers had to take the oath before they could get access to their pulpits, and in Missouri in 1865 a law was passed disfranchising those who had ever borne arms against *any* government of the state, so that even some good Unionists were barred.

But perhaps most contemporary in its relevance for our time is the strange fusion of sincere concern for the security of the Republic with the crudest political exploitation that characterized so much of the loyalist zeal during the Civil War and Reconstruction. "The test oath," Mr. Hyman concludes, "was a political weapon. . . . The civil servants' oath offered an opportunity for partisanship and spoils"—and there can be little doubt that this opportunity was fully taken advantage of by the party managers. "It all had very little to do with the question of loyalty. Rather, as Charles Sumner stated, the ironclad test oath had become the political property of the Republicans."

MR. HYMAN comes to the conclusion that even as a wartime measure, the test oath was of very doubtful value. I do not think his own account will quite substantiate the judgment of James Ford Rhodes, quoted by Mr. Hyman:

> . . . an oath properly required during the war, but . . . an impediment to reconstruction.

This basic distinction between the two phases of the period he studies—the Civil War itself, on the one hand, and the post-war Reconstruction years, on the other—is not taken sufficiently into account by Mr. Hyman, and yet this distinction is, as I have suggested, quite crucial when we come to apply the Civil War-Reconstruction experience to our own time. Once the Southern armies had been defeated on the field of battle and the Richmond government dissolved, the dynamic center of the threat to the Union was gone; Southern sympathizers were no longer the danger they had once been and reconciliation became the supreme task of the hour.

But we today are in a *pre*-war rather than a post-war situation, or rather we are in a war situation of an unprecedented kind. The dynamic center of the threat to our nation and the free world is very far from gone—it is, indeed, still at the height of its virulence—and domestic Communism continues to serve as a fifth column of Soviet totalitarianism, which Reinhold Niebuhr has well called "the worst hell of tyranny men have ever invented." Lessons from Reconstruction days, therefore, cannot, without further ado, be transferred to our day. After 1865, it might well have been sufficient to take a man's oath as to his present and future loyalty

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without regard to his past; will any one assert that a union leader today who, in compliance with the anti-Communist affidavit provision of the Taft-Hartley law, swears that he is not a Communist at the moment but refuses to say anything about his affiliation twenty-four hours ago, is to be taken at his word and granted the immunity he desires? This is the great distinction which every reader of Mr. Hyman's narrative must bear in mind.

An aspect of his story which Mr. Hyman does not stress, but which nevertheless seems to me of major importance, relates to Lincoln's attitude to the loyalty investigations and test oaths that filled the years of his administration. Lincoln signed all the loyalty legislation that came to his desk; on occasion, to judge by Mr. Hyman's record, he made minor criticisms of one or another provision of a bill before him; but by and large, he seems to have been in sympathy with the legislation as a wartime necessity. He himself complained that "[Southern] sympathizers pervaded all departments of the government and nearly all communities of the people," and he gave his approval to whatever legislative and executive measures were taken in his time to meet this threat. Where he seems to have drawn the line was on the use of the oath for *post*-war reprisals and political vindictiveness.

Early in 1864, Lincoln wrote with an eye to the problems of post-war reconstruction:

> On principle, I dislike an oath which requires a man to swear that he has not done wrong. It rejects the Christian principle of forgiveness on terms of repentance. I think it enough if a man does no wrong hereafter.

The value of Mr. Hyman's book would have been considerably enhanced had he devoted a greater measure of attention to Lincoln's views on the problem of loyalty and loyalty oaths. Yet if he has not given us everything, he has given us enough and more to earn our gratitude.

What can we learn from Mr. Hyman, and from Mr. Murray too for that matter, that may help us understand our own security problem and evaluate our present security program? One conclusion, I think, emerges incontrovertibly from both accounts: the loyalty oath is not the foolproof touchstone for weeding out the disloyal that popular opinion thinks it is. Disloyal conspirators will often readily perjure themselves and take the oath, while some conscientious men make scruple to do so. If they are to be justified at all, loyalty oaths can be justified only as a minor element in a comprehensive and rigorously controlled total program. Otherwise, they may easily become oppressive and a source of delusive security, as the story of Reconstruction days, the "Red Scare" of 1919-1920, and our own times sufficiently testifies. "A historical examination of the subject of political oaths," Carl Schurz once noted, "will lead to the conclusion that they can be very serviceable in certain emergencies, and for certain objects, but that they have never insured the stability of a government, and never improved the morals of a people." The record of history thoroughly sustains Schurz's conclusion.

Above all, our history teaches us, insofar as it teaches anything, that a security program, if it is not to prove more destructive to ourselves than to the enemy, must be scrupulously non-partisan and free from the corruptions of political exploitation and rabble-rousing. These are the two factors—exploitation for partisan political ends and demagoguery—which, along with bureaucratic cowardliness, are bedevilling our security system today. The safeguarding of the inner security of the nation must be taken out of politics, out of mass politics as well as out of partisan politics, and raised to a level where it will command the respect and confidence of the people. Only if that is done will we be in a position to deal responsibly with the abiding problem of our embattled democracy: how to reconcile the paramount demands of national security with the constitutional rights and personal liberties of the individual citizens. Historical perspective is what we need as much as anything else, and these two books help provide us with something of the perspective we need.

Is There an American Political Philosophy?

by Eric L. McKitrick

IF a new evaluation of American culture is really on the way, it seems appropriate that much of the energy for it should come from the generation which reached its majority on the eve of World War II, and which is just now coming to full intellectual maturity. The writers of this generation were too young to have been much impressed either by the doctrinal enthusiasms of the '30's or by the "thought" of the Progressive Era (upon which the '30's still drew heavily), with its mixture of civic uplift and cracker-barrel "realism." Crisis is built into their very thinking, but minus the sense of outrage which has somehow struck at every other generation since 1900. Their basic experience—on the whole broadening and salutary—was the war; their formative years saw American institutions operating at top efficiency; America as a success had rather more meaning for them than America as a failure. Their position today is most fortunate. The age is one of tension, but of *stabilized* tension: a setting which should be conducive to clear thinking.

The Liberal Tradition in America, by Louis Hartz (Harcourt, Brace; $4.75).

Louis Hartz's new book, *The Liberal Tradition in America,* lends excitement to such speculations. Mr. Hartz's interpretation of American political thought since the Revolution proceeds from a set of theoretical assumptions and assertions about our political origins which, taken as a whole, add up to something quite new and different in the way of intellectual temper. Furthermore, it underlines and makes baldly explicit any number of things we should have known all along.

The uniqueness of the American experience, for purposes of cultural and political analysis, is far more impressive and instructive than are the aspects of continuity which link it with the rest of the Western tradition. At the same time Mr. Hartz insists that only by a comparative correlation with the experience of Europe can this uniqueness be made truly explicit. America has always been, in the middle-class, entrepreneurial, Lockean sense, a "liberal" society; nothing that has happened since its inception has given the remotest inkling that it

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should ever become anything else. This "liberal society" has been moreover, *really* liberal—liberal with a difference—for its origins have been unencumbered by any prior feudal arrangements; it has had no feudal tradition and therefore it has had no revolutionary one.

And if there has been no revolutionary tradition there has been no reactionary one either: with no *ancien régime* to revolt from, there could hardly be any to go back to. It has been a bourgeois society with no bourgeois class passions; indeed—their being quite unnecessary—with no class passions at all.

How, then, might one expect to describe the mind of such a society—the "liberal mind," untempered by true adversity, untuned by real tensions, the mind which has never really had to test itself by struggles with enemies either on its right or on its left, or even. with few exceptions, on the outside? That mind, generalized into national proportions, becomes something altogether unique and extraordinary. With nothing to push against, it thinks in absolutes; the occasional shadows which cross its path quickly lengthen into monsters; every enemy is painted in satanic terms, and it has no idea how it would behave if the enemy were either bigger or different. Its "irrational" devotion to Locke does not have to be supported by parties; it has been supported instead by well-nigh universal agreement.

THE occasional philosophical deviants from Locke have had as their double function that of confusing us for the moment and of strengthening Locke in the end. Stewed in Locke, smothered in Locke, their efforts to be something other than liberal, Lockean, and American have had about them a touch of the comic. This has been true of the South's pre-Civil War "feudalism," which tried to legitimize itself not only with appeals to chivalry but also with glosses on the American Constitution; it was true of Beardian and Parringtonian "Progressivism," with its efforts to explain American history by titanic social struggles between "conservatives" and "radicals" scarcely distinguishable from one another; it was also true of the post-depression "Marxists," who did not have to be Marxists at all to ache with liberal guilt for the masses struggling (with entrepreneurial pragmatism) for their fair slice of the Lockean pie. And it is all just as true of the latest heresy, the "conservatism" of Messrs. Viereck and Kirk, who want us to conserve institutions we never possessed and to recover an organic agrarian order that never existed: their heresy, alas, is that of being anything but good conservatives.

The United States, in a sense not true of any other nation, was "born free." The Americans' desire for separation in 1776 was hardly the product of "oppression"; it was rather more a coming-of-age symptom. No "social revolution" needed to accompany it; such a revolution was not remotely desired by anyone on the scene. The colonists' very success made a passionate middle-class ideology superfluous; as unchallenged men of business they hardly felt the need to make a morality of something nobody opposed. In a society where the mentality of the majority was that of the small promoter, one observes two impulses: toward capitalism and toward democracy—and it is thus that a generation and a half after the Revolution the virtual quintessence of the national character emerges in the Jacksonian democrat. He is the result of hopeless social cross-breeding: the Jeffersonian aristocrat transmuted into radical democrat both agrarian and urban, the emergent mechanic blended with the entrepreneur both large and small. There is always in him something that redeems him from the charge of something else; philosophically he is satisfactory to no one, but then no one can really hate him. Yet his hybrid nature sets up tension and confusion in his own psyche: he often has no idea just *what* he is. It is the intellectual consequences of this confusion that Mr. Hartz is mainly concerned to describe.

Mr. Hartz has offered a series of insights which, though we have always had them about us somewhere, have hitherto existed in atomized form: they have never before been grasped all at once. Assembled, their potentialities for a clear assessment of our culture are tremendous. There are, however, certain difficulties of method in his book which prevent it from being quite a total break-through.

He urges that American experience be dealt with in terms of European correlations. His analytical tool is the "liberal society." His consequences, as he moves from the Revolution down to the present, are drawn in terms of political philosophy. Now these correlations are made with the vocabulary of European theorists, whose names and ideas figure mostly as a kind of shorthand for designating all the things that did *not* happen here, and the result is to show American Lockeanism as "irrational" and American "thinking" as shot with a thousand philosophical confusions. To point out these negative correlations with Europe is, to be sure, a great advance over the numerous positive correlations which scholars have been trying to find over the past fifty years or so with notable lack of success.

And yet there is a special kind of oddity about the results. Mr. Hartz's subject is political thought, but the very nature of his method is such that he is unable to discover any "thought" worth mentioning; he says as much himself. I think he is right, but I think there is a very good reason (Mr. Hartz admits

Good Friday: 1954

DENIAL has a raucous voice: a black cock
racks the dawn, betrayal's bitter air
invades gray porches where the elders mock.
Men hammer crosses in the courthouse square.
Quick spit and stones accuse integrity.
Suspicion is a witness. Charges lodged
with kisses are on public trial, and he
who pleads his teaching is already judged.
Who lugs his freedom uphill in this year
will sweat with silent eloquence. His loss
is sentence in the noisy courts of fear;
memorial blood as on the bright-nailed Cross,
the lesson where our calendar began.
To spike a rumor, sacrifice a man.

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this too): except as a kind of luxury, we have never really *needed* any. I would make an exception. At one point our basic political arrangements did appear to hang in balance—during the Constitutional crisis of 1787-8. It was that very moment of tension that produced the Federal Constitution and the *Federalist* papers. Considered as "pure" political theory these documents may have had their shortcomings (Mr. Hartz seems to think so), but by any pragmatic test available they rose consummately to what was demanded of them.

But then what does the critic of society do to work his way out of such a circle? It is important that Mr. Hartz use his insight as a point of vantage, but then to carry it all the way through a society's experience pointing out "irrationality" and "confusion" should in the end force him to ask about diminishing returns: whether "philosophy," in the classical sense, is ever going to tell us much about ourselves, positively *or* negatively—and whether European categories of "rationality" will ever quite fit at all. Lionel Trilling once asked this question: "If American literature is so thin that you must keep apologizing for it, do you then keep talking precisely of 'literature'?" His answer: "You talk of 'culture'." Now suppose one wants to talk of political philosophy but cannot find any such philosophy? I believe that this, in some sense or other, is Mr. Hartz's problem.

MR. HARTZ is looking for the intellectual consequences of the American experience. I would guess that his analysis might have been more fruitful had he drawn his categories not from philosophy but rather from what has been called the "sociology of knowledge"—that is to say, the kind of inquiry which enables one to see how *institutional* experience furnishes men their criteria for "rationality," how *institutional* needs shape the way men talk, and how the *absence* of specific institutional vested interests can make men's moral conceptions limitless and unreasonable. I can think of three particular examples from his book in which this might have helped.

Mr. Hartz asserts that the "real" struggle in American life has been between what he calls Hamiltonian élitist "Whiggery" and petty-bourgeois "democracy." Now I think a case might be made for this as a sort of perennial Ivy League - Acheson - Wall Street *versus* Capehart-LaFollette-McCarthy-populist-Muncie Indiana affair, according to the times (even this is unfair, for who knows who is on whose side when?), but its true location, vague at best, seems to be around the cultural and moral fringes rather than in any economic or political cockpit. Moreover, our society seems to have plenty of resources for keeping it there. Mr. Hartz, however, draws a sort of socio-politico-economic line from the Federalists down through the Whigs and into the Rockefeller-Carnegie-Horatio Alger constellation of the post-Civil War period and down to Herbert Hoover, and he attempts to show how "Whiggery," taking on the protective coloration of democracy and diluting itself with philosophical contradictions, tried, with intermittent success, to keep itself afloat.

SINCE he himself qualifies the "line" nearly out of existence, I would think that his own analysis, carried further, should have warned him that no such line was really there in the first place (unanimous Lockeanism would have made it unnecessary), and that "Whiggery," on a closer look, would turn out to be little more than another Parringtonian abstraction. For example, the Federalist political party was separated from the Whig political party by nearly a generation (which in American politics means virtually everything; it may as well have been a century); and there was one thing only that gave them the least resemblance to each other—each was on the losing side of a political contest in which the other party was getting more votes. Their rhetorical tone in each case was thus bound to appear (though more to their opponents than to themselves) a bit anti-popular. Yet no ideological "Whiggery" or "anti-Whiggery" was ever at stake: our political parties have always known, with a kind of sixth sense, how to avoid ideologies. It was not *that* kind of "struggle."

It shifts to another question entirely. The overarching functional substitute in this country for all the feudal institutions that never existed has been the political party system. Its ceremonial accoutrements do not add up to philosophy, but that is by no means to say that they are without meaning. Indeed, the subtlety of their meaning is almost ethereal, and beside it the categories of European political thought appear, if one may say so, downright crude. The institutional needs of the system—simply those of organizing majorities for the purpose of running the government—have given to the problem of political rhetoric a fineness all its own. It is the intuitive problem of striking for dead center with a vocabulary abstract enough to allow as wide a ceremonial participation among the voters as possible.

HITTING the note a little off key: *there* is your tragedy—political death. This exasperates intellectuals and ideologues even in our own time—so how could the Federalists have grasped it: they were the first party on the scene; in their time politics was supposed to be an occupation not for demagogues but for men of ability. And how could the Whigs have got a chance to learn it either—they never came to power until 1840, and meanwhile the fiscal policies of the Jacksonian "mob" had apparently driven the country to ruin. But they did find the formula in 1840: log cabins and hard cider. The formula was charged with ritual significance but hardly with philosophical confusion, for it had nothing to do with philosophy. And it reflected no "interest" other than that of getting into office. The same "élitist" Whiggish interest has been displayed by our parties ever since.

The second instance that I had in mind was the problem of the Civil War. Mr. Hartz can find no place for this in his analysis at all, except to say (and I think quite accurately) that it was "unique to America" and that no European correlates for it are available. Our grandfathers all knew, before Beard and his generation came along with *their* philosophical confusion, that it was an outgrowth of the issue of slavery—whose moral impact all over nineteenth-century Christendom was simply tremendous. Everywhere in the Western world but here, the issue led to the mobilization of powerful vested agencies to outlaw slavery forever; we had to do it by war. Is this unconnected with thought, or even with its absence? Should it not be altogether crucial, with regard to a society's intellectual career, to ask what happens when that society finds itself without institutional channels (other than, finally, its democratic party system) for the harnessing of its intellectual and moral energies?

The final question is with regard to

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American foreign policy. The only key to this that Mr. Hartz is able to find is a kind of philosophical "isolationism," beginning with what he calls the "Hebraic" separatism of '76. He is rightly concerned with its consequences for our own time. But then suppose one asked how this isolationism were likely to be altered—would it be by a philosophical stock-taking or by the removal of conditions making "isolationism" possible? The latter is already occurring; moreover we have our own historical tests for calculating what happens to philosophy in the face of the facts. The *institutional* bulwark for our foreign policy has historically been not an official formula of isolation, but rather the presence of the British fleet. The tests lie in what we did on the two occasions when the fleet was really threatened: we moved decisively, effectively, and "rationally," despite any amount of moral and philosophical agony. We now have many other vested interests in the world at large besides the British fleet, and I should guess that they too will eventually become immune to considerations simply of "principle." Let us hope so.

Our "thought" has been featured by the one primary demand of a society based in Lockean entrepreneurial unanimity: placation. The success of that society has made it appropriate that the tone of such placation be one of high exhortation. This was equally as true of Jefferson as of Horatio Alger, each of whom proved to be, in his time, of some spiritual service to the nation. It all puts our "thinking" rather outside the European categories of philosophy, with their interplay of built-in dialectic. Due to this fact, American intellectuals (exasperated by the knowledge that it was not really they who shaped such "thinking") were plagued for nearly fifty years with a nagging sense of having been somehow taken in, but the feeling of strain could never quite be located. Intellectuals of today, fortified by their own experience and repressing their occupational distaste for illogic, have begun, like Mr. Hartz, to ask embarrassing questions. Mr. Hartz's analysis has fashioned the second stage of an *American* dialectic which in its major outlines seems very accurate. It now becomes important to avoid the conceptual blocks which might prevent it from being carried to a synthesis.

The Concourse of Humanity

by Richard B. Woodbury

In any field of knowledge there are more contributors to its core of fact than there are successful interpreters of the meanings behind the facts. Jacquetta Hawkes has talents on both these levels, and in *Man on Earth* has written a vivid and sometimes imaginative panorma of mankind's origins, career, and potentialities. She combines with rare skill a chronicle of historical events and a sensitively expressed personal philosophy as to the significance to be found in these events.

Man on Earth, by Jacquetta Hawkes (Random House; $3.75).

The magnitude of such a chronicle akes compression and selection inevit-, and it would be unfair to compare presentation of organic evolution, of an's origin, and of the social and technological history of the last seven or eight millenia with such authoritative recent books as those of George Simpson, Carleton S. Coon, and Ralph Linton. However, Jacquetta Hawkes summarizes this vast range of material skillfully, and illuminates a part of the picture that is especially meaningful in these times of compartmentalized and synthetic urban living, namely, our essential unity with our animal forebears in both anatomy and things of the spirit:

> Life is continuous from them to us . . . They cannot taste grief, despair, or joy, those are among the products of cerebral evolution, but they share in our more elementary emotions as surely as they share in our bodily inheritance of flesh, bones, and organs. We are not so lonely as we feel.

Those who esteem the intellect at the expense of the emotions may not care for the author's insistence that the joys of the body, the emotions, and the spirit are among the most precious expressions of human consciousness. But far from being anti-intellectual, Miss Hawkes rather sees our psyche or spirit as a necessary and harmonious component of the whole which encompasses will and reason. Her plea is for a recognition of man's whole being as well as his whole history, instead of a choking off of all but a few modes of thought and feeling:

> Man may lock the doors and bar the gates, but his own body and mind have come to him from the wilderness outside and bring something of the wilderness with them . . . Civilization is like a skin above bottomless waters. . . . The body and the unconscious mind are the source of most of our joys and highest creations.

It is difficult to convey—either by quotation out of context or by paraphrase with its oversimplification—any of the glowing, personal conviction and the intense zest for life that are conveyed in these pages. They are woven into the clearly organized chapters that lead from "Backbone" and "Blood" through "Culture" and "Brain" to "Civilization" and "Intellect." They appear in vivid flashes of poetic expression in which we glimpse the author's personal philosophy. This philosophy seems to be compounded from her background of professional archaeology (which included excavation in England and Palestine) and letters (a first cousin of Gerard Manley Hopkins, Miss Hawkes is the author of a volume of poetry of her own)—and a subsequent absorption with the ever-new mystery of mankind's ultimate origins and destiny. The book was first conceived of in poetic form, and it retains much of poetry's insights and imagery.

In the final chapter there is the deepest attempt to probe the meaning of life, this "vast, super-personal process . . . which started with bare rocks and empty seas and has now become this concourse of humanity, this realm of living consciousness." Two conclusions or affirmations are stated, the first that life is not merely a "procession leading to some promised goal" but instead, that "every moment in the process has its own incomparable value." Also, the "all-pervading and transcendent significance in human evolution . . . is the bringing into being, the heightening, and the intensifying of our consciousness through creative experience at every level of existence."

Her second affirmation stems inevit-

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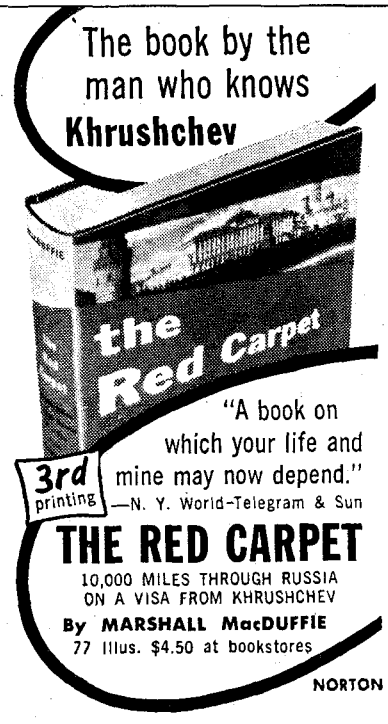
ably from the first—that the overpopulation of the earth, aided by scientific and religious techniques, is destroying the very things that make life worthwhile.

Not only has the natural beauty of much of the world been destroyed and the rest threatened, but overcrowding and squalor results in "a most hideous waste of a great part of the spare time which industry claims to have won for us." There is also the centralized governmental control of more and more details of life, an inevitable trend if people are to crowd ever closer on each other and to engender increased friction at every turn.

These and kindred ideas are stated with vigor and compassion by one who obviously has thought and felt deeply about the plight to which two billion or more years of miraculous growth and change have lead us.

The specialist may find a few statements over-simple or open to dispute, such as that evaluating Neanderthal man's relation to *sapiens* man, but on the whole the factual basis of the book is skillfully handled; the author sketches with effective breadth and satisfying detail the panorama of what has happened to put man on earth and what has happened in the crowded years since his arrival.

No simple solution to mankind's dilemma is proposed, as Jacquetta Hawkes apparently writes more to awaken awareness of the past and provoke thought of the present than to propose a specific course of action. Hers is a work of imaginative insight, firmly based on broad and accurate knowledge. For all its factual interest as a summary of events, it is essentially an interpretation of these events, a search for a meaning behind them, a plea for the wholeness of all existence, and a statement of hope for the obscure but beckoning future. Occasionally intensely personal and never pretending to present more than one of many possible "meanings," this is a book for good reading regardless of one's own point of view. It offers the reader both the sheer pleasure of its imagery and provocative expression and also a profounder awareness of the sources of both the strengths and weaknesses of our over-industrialized and over-populated world, a world in which "production" has replaced "creation."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NORTON

An Authoress for "The Odyssey"

by Henry Popkin

THIS new variation on a theme by Homer confirms Robert Graves' status as the world's most industrious rewriter. Years ago he gave us *The Real David Copperfield*. He has also rewritten (with Laura Riding) a poem by e. e. cummings and (with Joshua Podro) the New Testament. Another of his books (with Alan Hodge), *The Reader Over Your Shoulder*, rewrites practically everyone and everything else, from Ernest Hemingway to the Bishop of Chichester. My personal favorite is typical; it is the Graves-Hodge clarification of a passage from T. S. Eliot. Eliot begins:

> Massinger has been more fortunately and more fairly judged than several of his greater contemporaries. Three critics have done their best by him . . . "

Clear enough? Not quite. Graves and Hodge begin:

> Celebrated critics, including Coleridge, Stephen, and Swinburne, have written more interestingly and passed fairer judgments on Massinger's dramatic work than on that of several of his contemporaries who were more deserving of their attention.

The revisers have preserved the sense of the passage, while annihilating its spirit. Graves and Podro do much the same in their *Nazarene Gospel Restored*, where their critiques of the New Testament as it is are infinitely livelier than their finished product: the New Testament As It Ought To Be. Rewriting Eliot or the Gospels, working with or without collaborators, Graves cuts out precisely what is most essential—the author's unspoken assumptions about his audience's capacity for receiving mysteries, whether of critical or ecclesiastical origin. He interprets and domesticates his material so thoroughly that he destroys the qualities that made the revision worth attempting in the first place. It is with this result that Graves slashed up Homer's *Odyssey* and has arrived at *Homer's Daughter*.

Homer's Daughter, by Robert Graves (Doubleday; $3.95).

Graves revives Samuel Butler's theory, stated nearly 60 years ago in *The Authoress of the Odyssey*, that the events of the *Odyssey* take place in Sicily and that its creator inserted herself into the poem as the Princess Nausicaa, who briefly entertains Odysseus during his long journey home. *Homer's Daughter* is represented as the memoir of Nausicaa, writing 150 years after the *Iliad*, when the first epic poem was preserved in an oral tradition by wandering bards known as Homer's Sons. Nausicaa weaves her own adventures and the fables of Odysseus and Ulysses (whom Graves separates) into the epic form and thus earns the right to call herself Homer's Daughter.

It is hard to imagine what virtues *Homer's Daughter* would possess if it stood by itself, if it were not based on the *Odyssey*. The best qualities of such a novel would, I suppose, be those of a Graham Greene entertainment or th script of a Hitchcock thriller, with a tention focussed on the suitors as t gradually unfold their malevolent signs. Even this formula does not work, since their sinister force is public to be interesting. Graves tu

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Love's Progress

I

The possibles we dare!
O rare propinquity!—
I have considered and found
A mouth I cannot leave.
The great gods arch my bones.

II

The long veins of the vine
Journey around a tree;
Light strides the rose;
A woman's naked in water,
And I know where she is.

III

True, she can think a bird
Until it broods in her eyes.
Love me, my violence,
Light of my spirit, light
Beyond the look of love.

IV

It's midnight on the mouse,
The rabbit, and the wren;
A log sings in its flame.
Father, I'm far from home,
And I have gone nowhere.

V

The close dark hugs me hard,
And all the birds are stone.
I fear for my own joy;
I fear myself in the field,
For I would drown in fire.

THEODORE ROETHKE

the suitors of Odysseus' wife Penelope into Nausicaa's suitors, but he retains the original purity of their odiousness. In Graves as in Homer, they are only nominally interested in courtship; their real concerns are plundering the palace and overturning the state. Graves makes them move steadily, even regularly, beyond the limits of decorum and conscience. Their intentions are crystal clear; the little villainy they conceal is nothing beside the far greater amount they flaunt.

Graves' frame is as thin as the incidents it encloses. Nausicaa, who tells the story, possesses only one noteworthy trait, a trait she requires in her role as authoress of the *Odyssey*. Homer's bent is moral; so, Nausicaa must be moralistic. The *Odyssey* shows the gods intervening to reward a constant wife and to punish a crowd of would-be-adulterers and usurpers. But where Homer provides divine fireworks in the form of omens and prophecies that lend dignity and supernatural authority to these events, the novel's similar happenings are stripped of this significance and interpreted for us by a young girl who is given to making waspish references to adultery and irreligion.

This is an ingenious way to characterize the creator of the *Odyssey*, but it is ultimately unsatisfactory because the tone of the *Odyssey* is not waspish. Except for this effort to embody some of Homer's attitudes, the character of Graves' heroine is of no interest whatsoever. She is adventurous, but only in the way that romantic heroines are expected to be adventurous, and she is inquisitive in the way that heroines who double as narrators are required to be inquisitive.

In general, the novel is of interest as a series of variations on Homer, a collection of reinterpreted incidents out of the *Odyssey*. A part of Homer's epic is shown to be traditional even in Nausicaa's time, but even here Graves varies the tradition by making the same change in Penelope's story that occurred to James Joyce. Homer's paragon of fidelity is in *Homer's Daughter* scandalously unfaithful, but her infidelity was invented neither by Joyce nor by Graves; as Butler pointed out, it belongs to a post-Homeric classical tradition.

Most of the *Odyssey* becomes Nausicaa's story. Her suitors, who resemble Penelope's, are rude and restive for a period of weeks during her father's absence, but not for the 20 years of Odysseus' adventures. Her brother Clytoneus is the original of Odysseus' son Telemachus, coming to man's estate less consciously and less impressively than the promising young man in the *Odyssey*. Worst of all, Odysseus' original is a stranger named Aethon, the Cretan equivalent of an Arrow-collar type, a conventional and characterless hero worthy of the *Ladies Home Journal*.

It was bad enough to know that Hollywood is cutting Odysseus down to the stature of Kirk Douglas. Aethon does not even attain to that height; he is, at most, Robert Taylor. Odysseus' resourcefulness, his self-indulgence, his fondness for falsehood, his longing for home, and his immense capacity for being entertained along the way—all of these important qualities are absent from Aethon's character, and they must presumably be manufactured by Nausicaa when, in writing the *Odyssey*, she creates Odysseus.

The trouble is that the prudish, peevish, inquisitive heroine of this little romance—a girl who in her better moments might also be described as a sweet young thing—is just not up to that sort of invention. In fact, the crowning irony of this novel is the fiction that *Homer's Daughter* is a memoir from the same pen that composed the *Odyssey*. It is a fiction indeed; otherwise, one would be forced to conclude that there was never again a writer whose work was so uneven as Nausicaa's.

Notes on the Critics

WILL HERBERG's book *Protestant—Catholic—Jew: An Essay in American Religious Sociology* will be published by Doubleday early next summer. ERIC L. MCKITRICK will join the faculty of the University of Chicago later this year. RICHARD B. WOODBURY is on the Anthropology faculty of Columbia. HENRY POPKIN teaches at Brandeis University.

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THEATRE

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof was heralded by some as the play in which homosexuality was at last to be presented without evasion. But the miracle has still not happened.

The cat of the title is the heroine, the roof her husband; he would like her to jump off, that is, find a lover. Driven by passions he neither understands nor controls, he takes to drink and envies the moon; the hot cat and the cool moon being the two chief symbols and points of reference in the play. The boy says he has taken to drink because "mendacity is the system we live in." His father, however, explains that this is an evasion: the real reason is that he is running away from homosexuality. At this point, the author abruptly changes the subject to the father's mortal illness, and he never really gets back to it. One does not of course demand that he "cure" the boy, only that he present him: he should tell the audience, even if he does not tell the boy himself, whether a "cure" is possible, and, if not, whether homosexuality is something this individual can accept as the truth about himself. At present, one can only agree with the father that the story is fatally incomplete.

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof (Morosco).

If some things in Mr. Williams' story are too vaguely defined, others are defined in a manner far too summary and definite. The characters, for example, are pushed around by an obsessively and mechanically sexual interpretation of life. "How good is he (or she) in bed?" is what everyone asks of everyone. Now it seems to me that there are people, even in the world of Tennessee Williams, who would not ask this question, especially not of those who are near and dear. And what does the query mean? A girl seems good in bed if you like *her*; otherwise, she seems bad in bed; and for most of us that is the heart of the matter. Mr. Williams, who apparently disagrees, sends his people to bed rather arbitrarily. The husband's friend, in the new play, goes there with the wife to prove he is not homosexual. She must have been seeing *Tea and Sympathy*, for she co-operates. In the circumstances we can hardly be surprised that he proves impotent; yet he reaches the startlingly excessive conclusion that he is homosexual; and kills himself. Surely the author can't be assuming that a man is either 100 percent heterosexual or 100 percent homosexual? One wouldn't know: the whole thing is disposed of so grandly in quick, if lengthy, narratives. It is perhaps characteristic that the plot depends for its plausibility upon our not questioning that if a man and woman come together *once*, a child will result.

Not all the characters are credible. If a girl has a hunch that her husband is homosexual, does she simply clamor for him to sleep with her? Not, certainly, if she is the kind of girl portrayed at the Morosco by Barbara Bel Geddes. Which brings me to the relation of play and production. It seems to be a relation of exact antithesis. When the curtain first goes up, Mr. Williams sends on stage a girl whose dress has been spilled on at dinner; but, so far as the audience can see, the dress is as spotless as it is golden and sparkling. It is the same with her personality and character. From the author: a rather ordinary girl, bornée, perhaps stupid, shabby genteel. From the production: Barbara Bel Geddes, the very type of non-shabby, upper-class gentility, wholesome as a soap ad. It is the same with other characters. Burl Ives may not be right for Williams' shocking vulgarian of a father, but his pleasantness certainly keeps (to use his own vocabulary) the audience from puking. Ben Gazzara may not seem Southern, or a football player, or a TV announcer (the problem husband is all three) but he is handsome and he can act neurotic intensity. It is the same with the whole evening: the script is what is called dirty, but the production—starting with the Mielziner set and its chiefly golden lighting—is aggressively clean.

So what is the function of Mr. Kazan's directing—to mislead? Reviewing my book of *NR* pieces in *The New Leader*, Mrs. Kazan says I attribute Machiavellian motives to unmotivated, intuitive acts. That is why I speak here of the function of the directing and not its intention, the result and not the motive. Obviously, the motive is to "make the most of the play"; but the most has been made of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* at the cost, it seems to me, of some conflict with the script. Some directors are content to subordinate themselves to an author and simply try to make his meaning clear. Others bring in extra meanings at the cost of understanding or even obscuring some of the author's meanings. So mystifications and obfuscations take place without Machiavellian intention. And no one, I believe, would deny that Mr. Kazan belongs to the second school. Giving such a "clean" production to such a "dirty" script, he has persuaded some that the dirt is unimportant. The show looks wholesome; therefore, it is.

Not that one would prefer to see all this moral squalor spelled out in full natural detail, but that one must not expect unco-ordinated double vision to provide a clear picture. In the last act, while the script is resolutely non-committal, the production strains for commitment to some sort of edifying conclusion. While nothing is actually concluded, images of edification are offered to our eyes. Barbara Bel Geddes is given an Annunciation scene (made of more golden light and a kneeling posture). At the very end, as I said last week, comes the outward form of that *Tea and Sympathy* scene without its content. And, in many places throughout, a kind of mutually frustrating activity has the effect of muffling the emotions that are supposed to sound out loud and clear. On the other hand, there are places where director and author stand together. These include all the comic bits. It should not escape notice that Williams is a very gifted humorist. Author and director join forces to help Mildred Dunnock, Pat Hingle, and Madeleine Sherwood create three of those superb tragi-comic portraits in secondary roles which are one of the chief attractions of current New York theatre. (I am thinking back to Eileen Heckart in *Picnic* and *Bad Seed*, Elaine Stritch and Phillis Love in *Bus Stop*, *etc., etc.*) Author and director are together, too, in the best scene of the play—a masterly piece of construction both as writing and as performance—a scene between father (Burl Ives) and son (Ben Gazzara) in which a new and better theme for the play is almost arrived at: that the simple old family relationships still mean something, that, in the midst of all the filth and incoherence and impossibility, people, clumsily, inconsistently, gropingly, try to be nice to each other. In that old goat of

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a father, there is even some residue of a real Southern gentleman. Anyhow, he is Mr. Williams' best male character to date.

Though I believe the new script is often too naturalistically sordid for theatre, and therefore has to suffer changes Kazanian or otherwise, it is also true that in many passages the writing has its own flamboyant theatricality. The humor, though compulsively "dirty," is, by that token, pungent and, in its effect, rather original. The more serious dialogue, though rhetorical, is unashamedly and often successfully so; the chief rhetorical device, that of a repetition of phrase somewhat *à la* Gertrude Stein, is almost always effective. There is no one in the English-speaking theatre today who can outdo Mr. Williams' dialogue at its best: it is supple, sinuous, hard-hitting and — in cases like the young wife and the father—highly characterized in a finely fruity Southern vein. Mr. Williams' besetting sin is fake poeticizing, fake philosophizing, a straining after big statements. He has said that he only feels and does not think; but the reader's or spectator's impression is too often that he only thinks he feels, that he is an acute case of what D. H. Lawrence called "sex in the head." And not only sex. Sincerity and Truth, of which he often *speaks* and *thinks*, tend to remain in the head too—abstractions with initial capitals. His problem is not lack of talent. It is, perhaps, an ambiguity of aim: he seems to want to kick the world in the pants and yet be the world's sweetheart, to combine the glories of martyrdom with the comforts of success. If I say that his problem is to take the initial capitals off Sincerity and Truth, I do not infer that this is easy, only that it is essential, if ever Mr. Williams' great talent is to find a full and pure expression.

ERIC BENTLEY

Next Week

The Insecurity Program

A detailed study of the practical results of the State Department's loyalty and security program. By Hans J. Morgenthau.

FILMS

IN *Underwater!*, Howard Hughes' cheesecake opera, a priest goes along with Jane Russell, the Cuban wife of Richard Egan, and with Gilbert Roland, his chum, to search for sunken treasure, the gold bullion worth millions which has been submerged in a Spanish galleon off the Cuban coast for three hundred years. The plot concentrates with a single-minded intensity which is ingenious and disingenuous on getting Miss Russell into the water as often as possible. It succeeds so well that she is totally immersed in the depths of the Caribbean for more than a third of the film. Miss Russell wears a Bikini, bears an oxygen tank upon her back, and her face is covered by the top part of her aqualung.

Underwater! (RKO). *The Blackboard Jungle* (MGM).

Yet her glamor and beauty are not diminished in the least, but rather heightened by the dignity of her silence as she cruises and glides about, larger than life on the Superscope screen, a singular performance which must be unique among the feats of the actresses of all time. For neither Bernhardt nor Duse can ever have been silent and masked for so long a period in a starring role. This extraordinary tribute to the female torso is so vivid and sleek—it possesses in its stripped classic purity so much that suggests the birth of Venus or a Billy Rose Aquacade—that when Miss Russell returns to the surface, the magnificence of reality suffers. Since she is supposed to be Cuban, she begins sentences with a Spanish accent which she often abandons in mid-sentence, so that it is perhaps only courtly gallantry which makes Gilbert Roland begin sentences with an American accent and reverse the contrapuntal bilinguality. And there is a further originality in the fact that Miss Russell plays a wife with a warm and affectionate nature, but her crass husband rebuffs her advances because he cares only for the bullion at the bottom of the sea, which make for an indifference to Miss Russell's charms on the part of the male sex which is without parallel and beyond credulity until one grasps the underlying spiritual message of the film.

This message eluded me until I read another critic's comment: "The underwater photography is exciting and even exalting in a strange, other-worldly way." This immediately made everything clear and profound, including the benediction which the priest pronounces at the start of the expedition and the otherwise baffling conclusion. It is at the conclusion that Richard Egan throws all the gold ingots overboard, after toiling and risking his life for six reels to salvage them, declaring that principle is more important than gold. Since the production cost more than three million dollars, something must be more important than gold: cheesecake itself has never been that expensive.

Mr. Egan's squirming annoyance whenever Miss Russell wants to cuddle prepares the way for his final renunciation of all the precious lucre; his motive is not the mercenary obsession it seems but a spiritual vocation, like the quest of the Grail, and sets an edifying example for all who might forget that to look at a woman with adultery in one's heart is to commit that sin, and hardly condoned by sustained provocation in technicolor. So too, in an exalting otherworldly light, Miss Russell clearly becomes a symbol of the piece which passes understanding except under water. And finally it is superficial and cynical to interpret the priest's presence as an effort to protect the film from the carnal meaning the coarse might impute to it. No reason whatever is given for his participation in the expedition, but this is a delicate parable of the degree to which faith is beyond reason.

One may very well know less about juvenile delinquency after seeing *The Blackboard Jungle* than ever before. The systematic confusion of the film as of the novel on which it is based is likely to increase the misunderstanding of a serious and complex problem, just as it forces one to observations which are outside the film.

The film itself concerns the experience of Glenn Ford as an innocent and high-minded prig who has begun to teach at a vocational school in a big city. He is immediately insulted and assaulted by his students and told by the other teachers that he had better concentrate upon policing the barbarians

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and forget his exalted conception of education.

Governed by an attitude of self-righteousness which he and all the other teachers never recognize as such, he misunderstands whatever occurs as he gropes about for some reason to explain the fact that adolescent schoolboys are terrifying gangsters. Thus after he has rescued a pretty young teacher from rape by a student, she attempts to seduce him, and he is merely baffled when she explains her eagerness as caused by the boredom of teaching. And the self-righteousness which helps him to resist temptation prevents him from seeing that her boredom has a significance which has nothing to do with his desire to be faithful to his pregnant wife. When one of his pupils asks him: "Did you ever try to fight thirty-five guys, Teach?", the question of personal courage obstructs the real problem of schools and classes so crowded that no teacher, no matter how gifted, could accomplish very much. He regards the passive resignation of older teachers as cynical cowardice. The fact that one teacher has gained the tolerance of his students by telling them of how he won the Purple Heart seems to him the evasion of a braggart, trading on his laurels. And finally his indignation about the low salaries which teachers are paid is equally distorted by self-righteous pride as wrong merely because plumbers, carpenters and "even household cooks" make more money.

In each of these and other like instances he stumbles upon and fails to recognize the chain reaction which causes juvenile delinquency and the outbreak of terror in the classroom. A bored teacher is boring. A discouraged teacher has too little self-esteem to win the esteem of students. A teacher who feels that his job marks him as a failure or a mediocrity in what is not only a competitive society but also a competitive educational system suffers from a self-contempt which makes him the object of contempt, particularly when he has to maintain order in an overcrowded class; and when he is forced to resort to external authority, he becomes an object of hatred, and the chain reaction is complete.

For although there is almost always a prior and primary breakdown of authority in the family itself, there is also an intense expectation very often that the school and the teacher, like the world itself, will be superior to the parent and the family. This expectation is bound to be severely disappointed whenever a teacher has to resort to some form of coercion or tyranny, whether because of personal reasons, classroom conditions or both, combined with an institutional decline in morale. Authority is bound to be hated unless it is loved, particularly in adolescence; and the natural inclination of the adolescent to identify prestige with power, strength, poise, confidence and self-mastery is such that the gangster becomes the most available image of the heroic and masculine ideal, and the cruelty which authority exercises to maintain itself in the family or school seems to be the only genuine kind of power worthy of admiration.

The Blackboard Jungle, like most films with a social purpose, problem plays, and novels with a thesis, requires a didactic comment and hardly merits any other kind. As an effort to deal with a social issue, it is a film with a problem in search of a thesis which it never discovers, and hence the temptation to provide one is irresistible. The one I have suggested is an unavoidable over-simplification, although based on long experience as a schoolboy in the New York public school system and even more upon the experience of a teacher of freshmen, fresh co-eds, and students fresh from the Pacific, during the war, in the Navy V-12 program. And the oversimplification is more than that; it is quite false, if it seems to single out the the teacher as the primary root of what is wrong. But the teacher and the school can be strengthened far sooner than family life can be modified or the social order improved.

The sole cause of juvenile delinqency has been said to be democracy, liberalism, mass culture, universal education, industrialism, agnosticism, human nature, psychoanalysis and the New Deal. When none of these frees the adult of responsibility, the children are blamed. This is precisely the same as saying that marriage is the chief cause of divorce, just as the belief that comic books are the chief cause of teen-age crime resembles nothing so much as the assertion that Proust was the cause of the fall of France.

DELMORE SCHWARTZ

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CORRESPONDENCE

► Stevenson in '56

SIRS:

I was pleased to see Edith Gifford's letter in your March 28, 1955, issue in which she tells of the Stevenson savings account she started after the 1954 elections.

I started saving for Stevenson at the advent of the Eisenhower Administration and have been giving out "Adlai in '56" match folders since the latter part of 1953.

I do not believe that the inability, double-talk, deceit, disunity, disposal of public property, and disinterest in the welfare of everyone which are characteristic of the Administration will attract a majority of votes in 1956, even with Mr. Eisenhower as window-dressing.

MARIAN BARNHOLTZ
University City, Missouri

► Honor and Self-Respect

SIRS:

I have read Professor Blanshard's article "The Morality of Self-Respect" (*NR*, Feb. 28). I am a little sorry that his selection of radio and TV programs missed the substantial, the thoughtful, and the helpful. I am troubled most by his central thesis. He says:

> What is really important in getting men to follow a way of life is not a theological view of the world, but something less dramatic. It is simply the linking of that way of life to their sense of honor and self-respect.

Hitler's sense of honor and self-respect? Mussolini's sense of honor and self-respect? Stalin's honor and self-respect? Hitler once spoke of "the nothingness of the individual." Mussolini cried, "Let's have done with this talk of brotherhood," and concluded, "Woe to the weak." The Marxist sees man as an incident in an inexorable historical process. When Mussolini said, "For Fascism, the state is absolute before which individuals and groups are relative," he may have expressed his self-respect but back of the expression lay a theory of the nature of man. Personally, I must hold that when we believe that every individual was created by the Eternal and in His Image, a being of infinite worth, a self-conscious personality capable of distinguishing right and wrong, morally responsible and immortal, theology, if you wish to call it that, or the world view, or whatever you may wish to term it, in a word, faith, is decisive in the whole question of a way of life. When a man believes that war is beneficent, as Hitler did, because out of that struggle there emerges the kind of leadership required to rule the serflike masses of men, what do we do with the plea for "the ancient and austere . . . reasonableness." . . . What I am trying to say is, that I can say "my brother" more sincerely after I have said "Our Father."

G. BROMLEY OXNAM
Bishop of the Methodist Church
Washington, D. C.

The New Republic welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less lend themselves to publication more readily than longer letters.

BANDWAGON

Midwest cities and towns are flooding the State Department with requests for Russian students, farmers and industrial workers. The idea started when the *Des Moines Register* floated the suggestion of farmer-exchange between the USSR and Iowa.

State Department officials admitted off-record that they were afraid of the plan. "If one of those farmers slipped an atomic secret, Congress would roast us alive and maybe cut off our funds."—*Boston Herald*, March 24, 1955.

"At the end of the day you're exhausted" [said Wilbert E. Scheer, member of the board of the Office Management Assn. of Chicago and personnel director of Blue Cross-Blue Shield, addressing a panel on secretarial work]. "You've been polite till it hurts. You have carbon smudges on your face—and your best white blouse. But you wouldn't change places with a queen when he crinkles that smile and says, 'Thank you, Miss Jones'."—*Chicago Sun-Times*, March 24, 1955.

Dr. Roy A. Martin, while observing the Nazis during the 9-month trial . . . came to the conclusion they were not ordinary rabble rousers, but included some men of very superior intelligence They almost deified Hitler, but otherwise behaved very much as would a very intelligent group of American businessmen.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*, March 12, 1955.

Today, Knowland said, "I don't disagree with Eisenhower's view that the [Yalta] documents should not be used for partisan advantage." Knowland repeated that if he finds any occasion on which it would be pertinent to discuss the documents, he intends to do so.—*San Francisco Chronicle*, March 26, 1955.

Liberalism is again in the saddle.—*Babson's Washington Service*, Washington, D. C., January, 1955.

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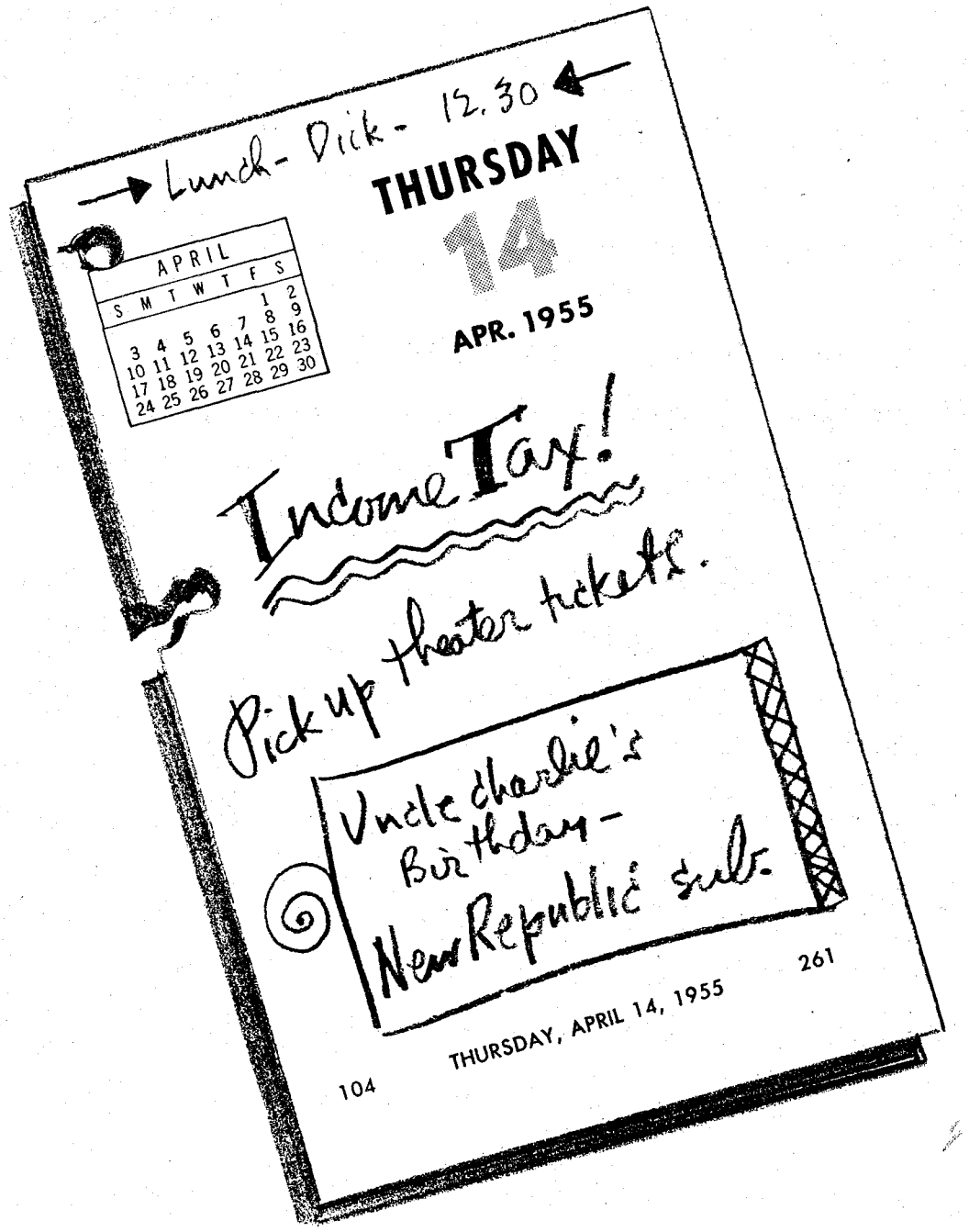

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